

THE ARCHITECTURAL RECORD

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THE
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TWENTY-FIVE CENTS



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MR. LINDEBERG'S SKETCH FOR GATE LODGE.

Pocantico Hills, N. Y.

Albro & Lindeberg, Architects.

A THATCHED PALACE

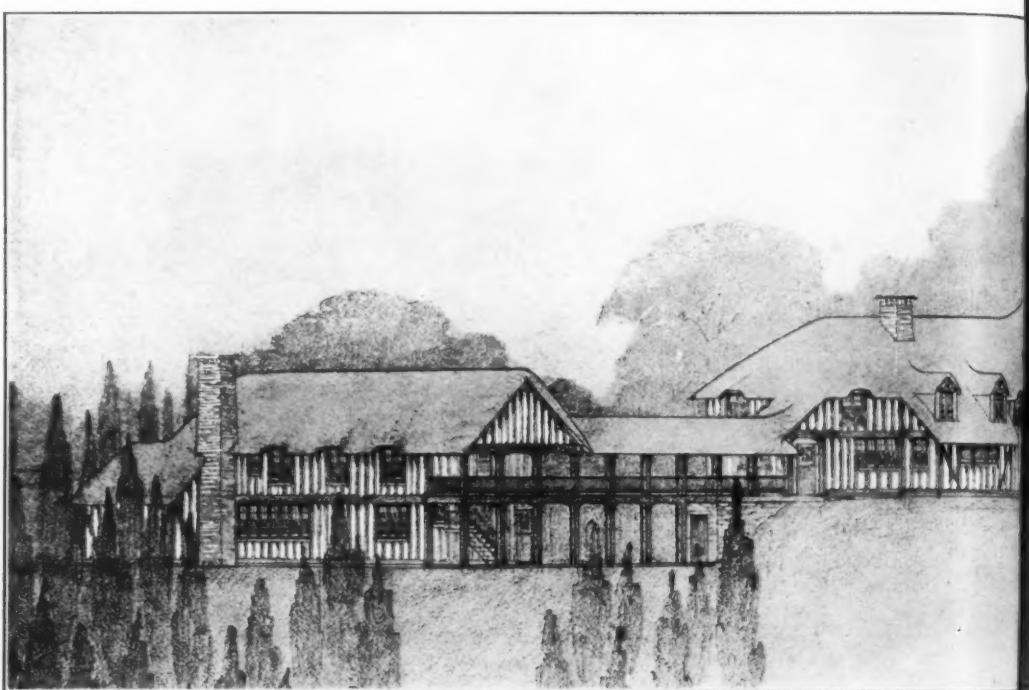
An Estate at Pocantico Hills

ALBRO & LINDEBERG, Architects

There is no prettier tract of country in Westchester than the Pocantico Hills, none more pleasantly broken and undulating and opening at every turn of ridge or valley more captivating views. Certainly there is none more suitable for the purpose which the crest of the region has now been made to fulfil of a park, in the English sense, a great domain fenced around against trespass or intrusion, within which the "noble owner," as he would be in England, the "trust magnate" as he is in America, and his household and his guests may loaf and invite their souls. When these thousands of acres, be the same more or less, were reserved at Pocantico from the partition into suburban building sites to which pretty much all Westchester is coming to be devoted for "the Seats of the Mighty," it was evident that the mighty knew what they were about. Before you arrive at the Pocantico station, on the Putnam division, your attention will have been arrested by a green-gray wedge of roof "glimpsing over" the woods, and if you ask the

brakeman what that is he will respond with amazement at your ignorance, "Why, that's John D's!" The particular object of our present quest is not this central seat of the mighty but one of the outlying fiefs, two miles or so to the northward.

It is a misfortune of our traditionlessness that we have no "type" of domestic architecture, no autochthonous type but the wigwam, no type of the primitive settlements but the log cabin. The American architect has not yet investigated the artistic possibilities of the tepee. The log cabin, on the other hand, he has worked in various places with the assistance of the types of timber construction developed in northern Europe, very likely for all it is worth, but only as one of many types, which he picks up anywhere in the world, not only picks up, let us hope, but picks out, according to the hints they offer of being susceptible of acclimatization and domestication, and proceeds to acclimate and domesticate them accordingly to the best of his ability.



Pocantico Hills, N. Y.

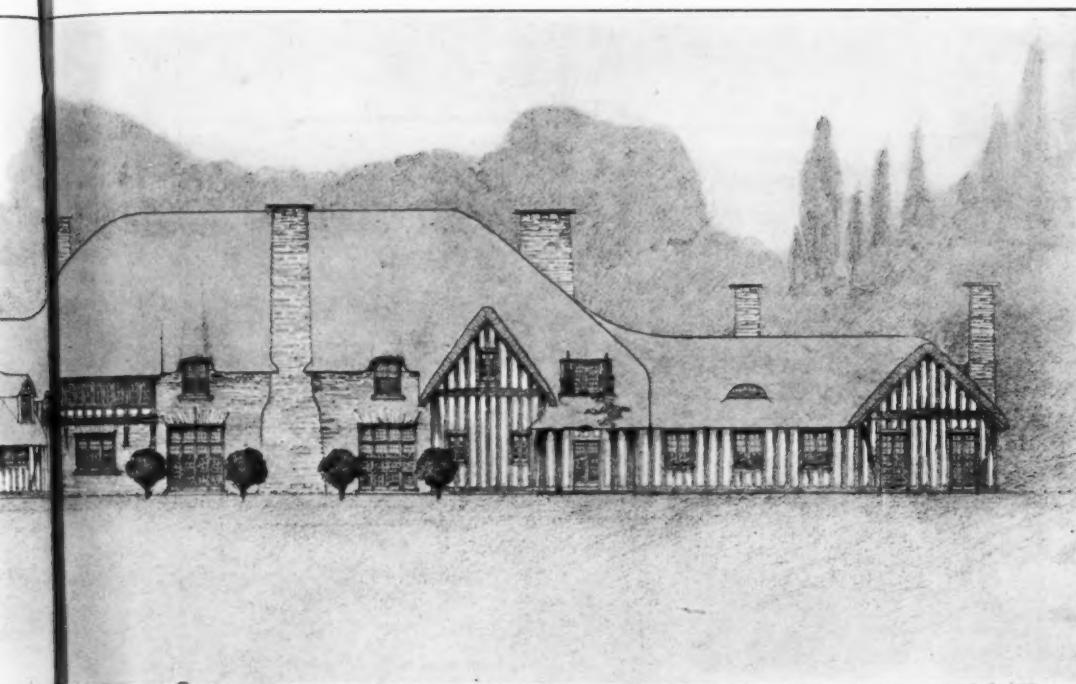
MR. LINDEBERG'S SKETCH FOR NORTH

A new type is thus a great find for the architect or mayhap for his client. Whencesoever the suggestion emanated of employing the thatched cottage as the type and model of a swell country place, to be erected regardless of expense, it was so novel and so delightfully malapropos that one can see how irresistible it was when once propounded. It carries a delicious suggestion of Marie Antoinette playing dairymaid at the Little Trianon. One can fancy a young couple who do not have to count their dollars, and who had "been thinking" of a colonial mansion with a marble portico, at once throwing that notion to the winds when the idea of a thatched cottage suggested itself or was suggested to them, and taking to the new suggestion with enthusiasm. According to Coleridge, in "The Devil's Thoughts," any "swell" cottage whatever is a contradiction in terms:

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

"The devil," or the poet, took a more serious view than the facts seem to warrant. Your Englishman calls a palace a cottage out of the national dislike of pretension and the national habit of calling one's own things by the least pretentious name. But your American projector of a swell place and his architect with him are always more or less historic in their "endless imitation." They are "playing at" a French chateau, an Italian palazzo or villa, or whatever the chosen type may be. What harm in playing dairymaid like Marie Antoinette or playing cottager in the English sense in which a cottager or "cotter" is the occupant of the humblest form of human abode, though that is not the American sense. But there is, at any rate, no doubt about the humility of a thatched cottage. It is the very type of humbleness and always put in opposition as it was by the homeless author of "Sweet Home," to "pleasures and palaces" and "splendor":

Splendor dazzles in vain
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again.



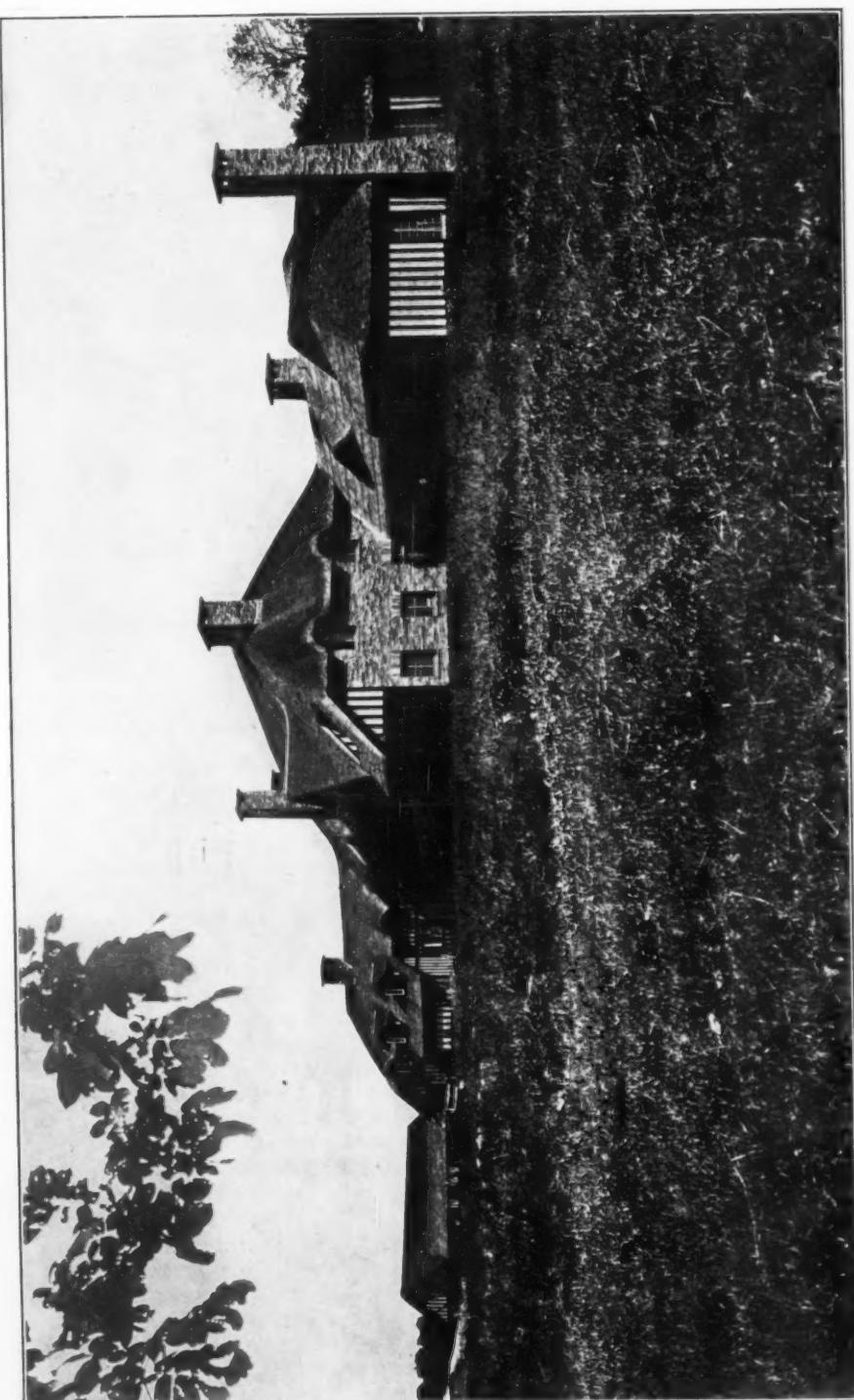
FRONT OF RESIDENCE—ESTATE AT POCANTICO HILLS.

Albro & Lindeberg, Architects.

So sang John Howard Payne, who, while he stayed at home, never lived in a thatched cottage and probably never saw one. The nearest thing to the shelter of a thatched cottage that a native American knows is that of a haystack. The very making of a thatched roof is a lost art in this country, and "thatcher" unknown except as a proper name. Not even the humblest American trusts himself to so precarious a shelter, hardly weatherproof, and so far from being fireproof that it is the most combustible roofing known to man. So you will readily understand that in playing at a thatched cottage meant for actual human habitation you cannot use real thatch. You can get the lines and masses, the rounded arrises of ridge and hip, and the effect of deep "pile" which make the picturesqueness of thatched roofs, by craftily curling the shingles with which, in fact, these buildings are "thatched." The picturesqueness of the real and undesirable roof is all there.

One attribute the thatched cottage must have. It must, according to the song, be "lowly." And that is hard to attain when the interior of your cabin must for your practical purposes be what is "humbly" called a "living room," but would be more intelligible by the English name of "Hall," an apartment very spacious and particularly lofty! It is the architect's part to make it look low, notwithstanding.

In this case the "white magic" of the architect is invoked to perform the converse miracle of making a place large seem a "shieling." The wall of the entrance front is, as you see, as high, in fact, to the eaves as the roof-ridge of the adjoining outbuilding. It is made to seem "lowly" by architectural devices. The length, or expanse is emphasized as against the height by keeping the windows, themselves as broad as possible in proportion to their height, low down in the wall and leaving its upper expanse quite unbroken, and again by the strong emphatic lines of the roof at ridge and



VIEW FROM THE NORTH—THE RESIDENCE AT POCANTICO HILLS.

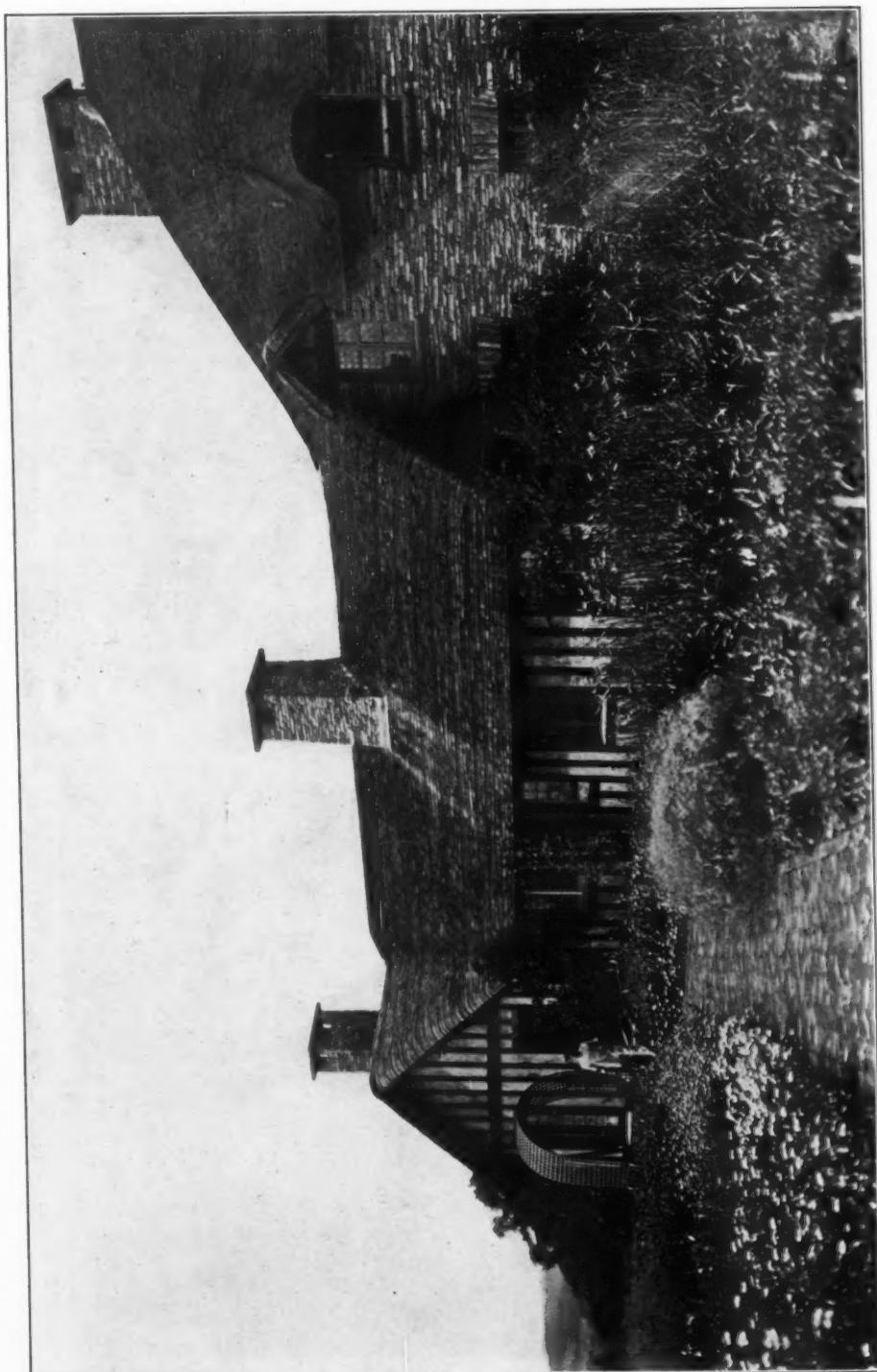
Pocantico Hills, N. Y.

Albro & Lindeberg, Architects.



Pocantico Hills, N. Y.

VIEW FROM THE GARDEN—THE RESIDENCE—ESTATE AT POCANTICO HILLS, Albro & Lindeberg, Architects.

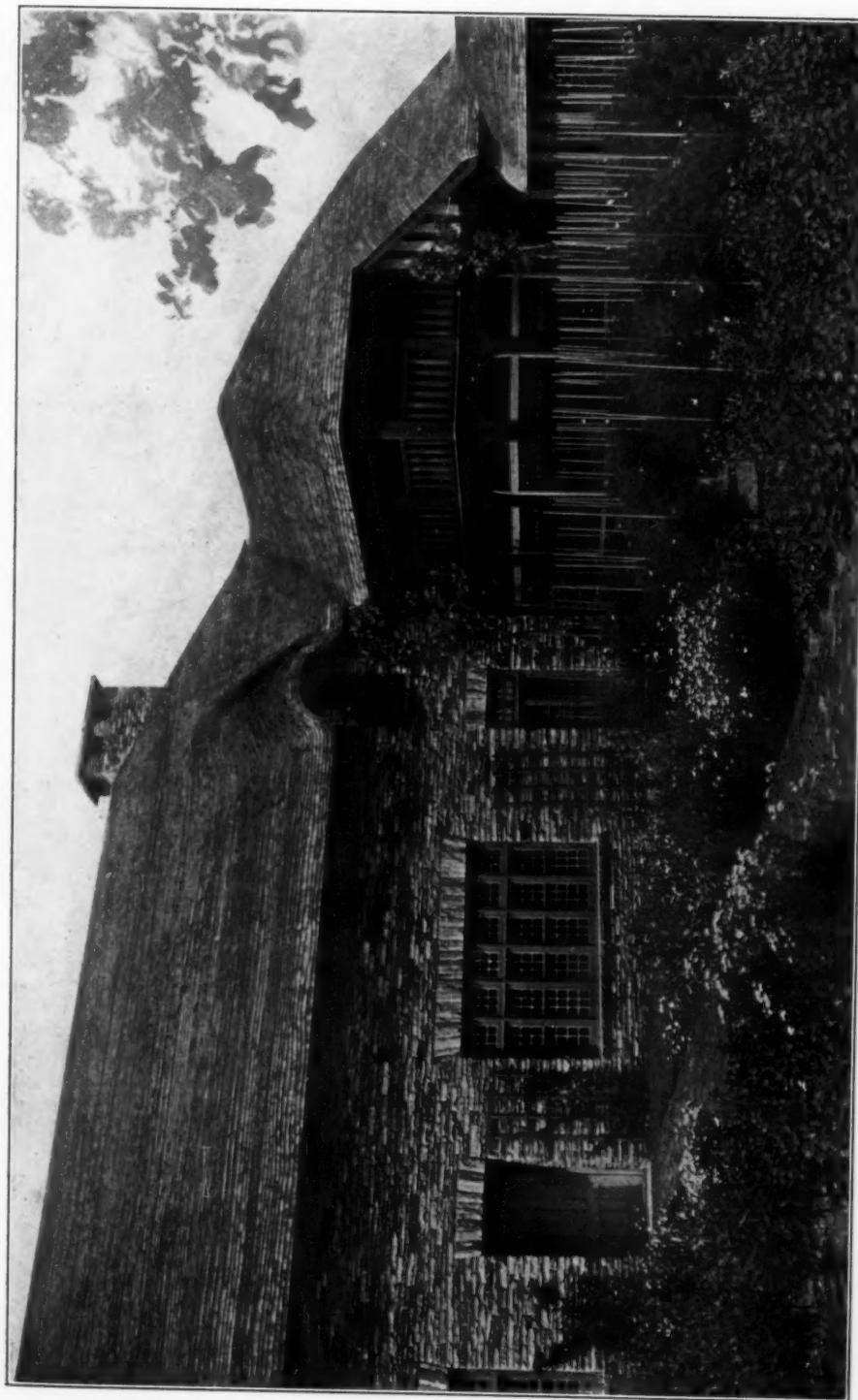


DETAIL VIEW FROM GARDEN—THE RESIDENCE—ESTATE AT POCANTICO HILLS.
Albro & Lindeberg, Architects.

Pocantico Hills, N. Y.

A THATCHED PALACE.

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Pocantico Hills, N. Y.

DETAIL VIEW FROM THE GARDEN—THE RESIDENCE—ESTATE AT POCANTICO HILLS.

Albro & Lindeberg, Architects.

eaves, so that the horizontal stress put upon the horizontal line exaggerates the length and diminishes the height. One would judge the lateral extent of the main wall at least a hundred feet, whereas it is but eighty or so, and certainly would guess the height at much less than it is, being, in fact, as has been said, a "living room," lofty enough to be worthy of being called a "Hall." All this, you will remark, is as plain, as "cottagey," as possible. The main entrance, even, is a mere undecorated, unemphasized aperture, reduced to the minimum in size. The superintendent's

ferred, is on the other side, the Northward view, and, although it is very well commanded by the windows of the "living room," there is a porch, at least a sheltered platform, provided at one corner of the North front for its fuller enjoyment. It is a view worth building a house for. This front, you will further note, is more broken and conventionally picturesque than that of the entrance. Nothing could be more attractive than the effect here of the spreading roofs and their putative "thatching," especially effective in the sharply slanting tunnels of the hoods of the dormers, or than the



CHICKEN HOUSES—ESTATE AT POCANTICO HILLS.

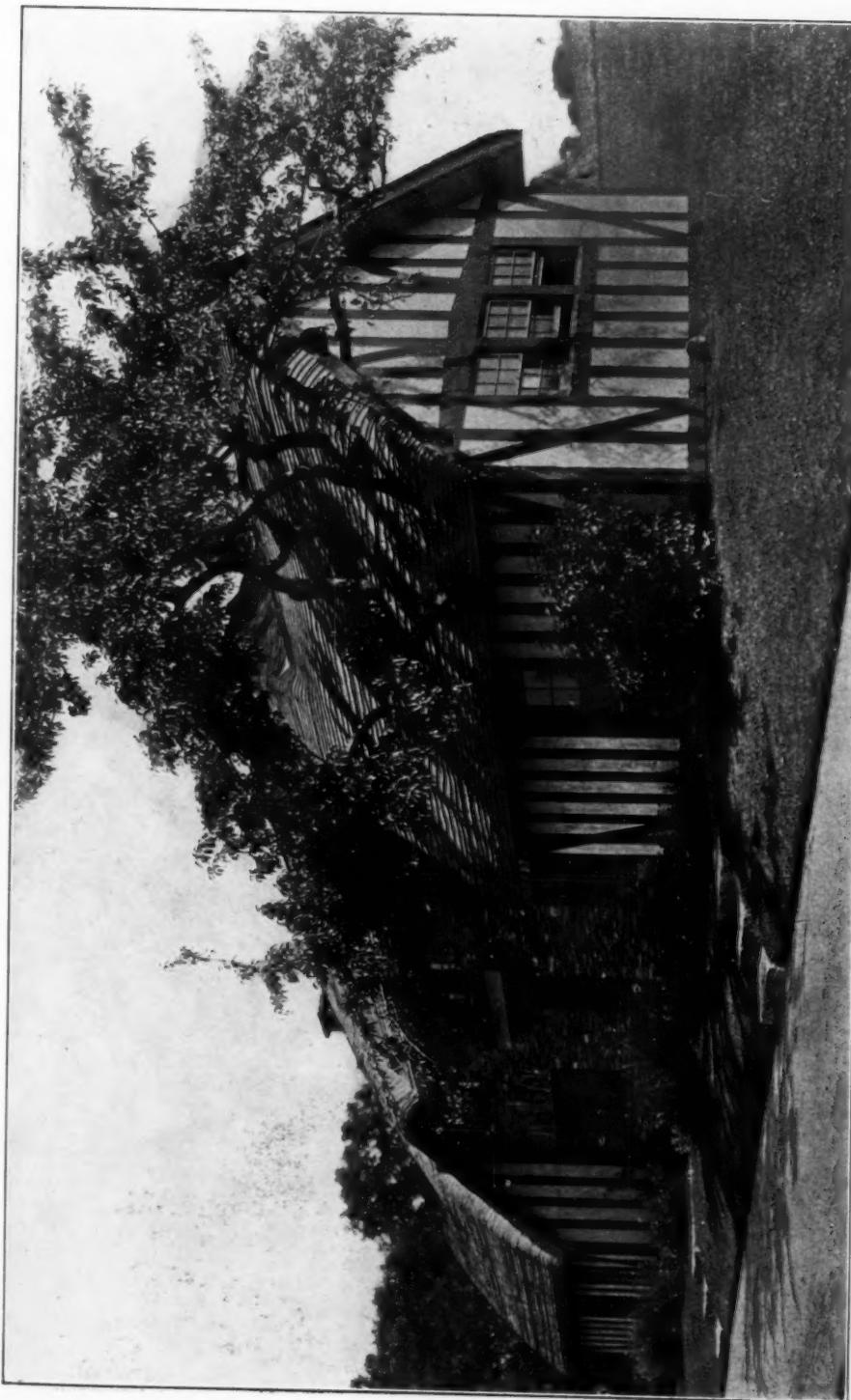
Pocantico Hills, N. Y.

Albro & Lindeberg, Architects.

house, near by, a developed two-story dwelling, is a much more eligible "gentleman's residence," from the conventional point of view, than the single-storyed "main house" which would be a bungalow if it were not so unmistakably a "shieling." Such vanities as verandas are beyond the reach of cotters, entirely incompatible with lowly thatched cottages, and are accordingly foregone, though one is pleased to remark that, on the south front a concession is made to the weakness of aestivating human nature, and that a snug and shady nook of a loggia is provided.

The main view, as you will have in-

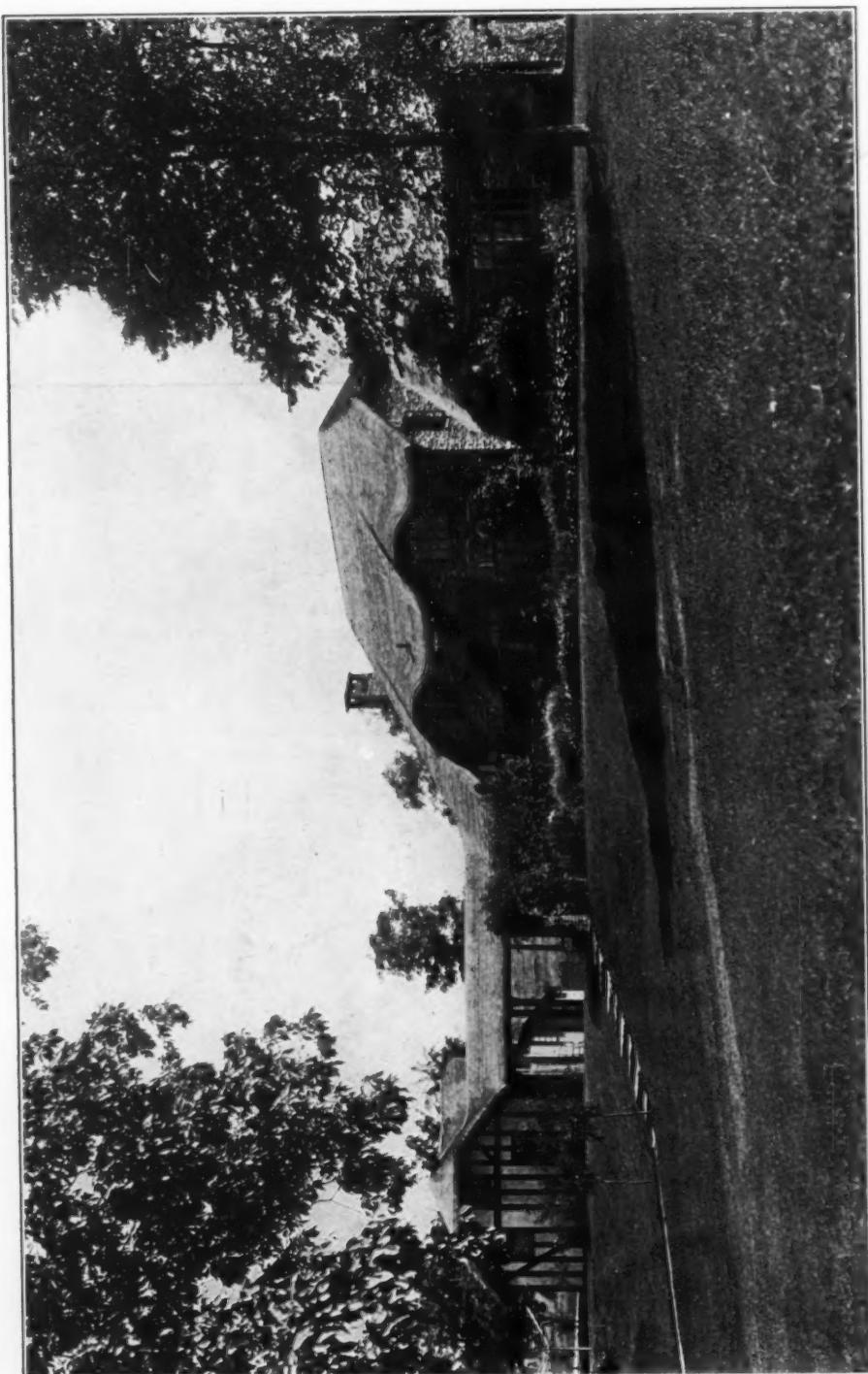
relation of the central pyramidal mass of rough masonry to the outlying and still lower wings of half-timbered work. With one detail alone does one feel impelled to quarrel. The flat arches of the entrance-front are clearly unstable. The "curve of pressures" of an arch of this span could clearly not be contained in this shallow parallelogram. The rustic mason who by hypothesis built this house would not have expressed his perception so technically, but he would have clearly perceived that the arch would not stand by itself unless it were deepened, and, since the field stone, picked up on the premises, which is in fact the material



GARDENER'S COTTAGE—ESTATE AT POCANTICO HILLS.

Pocantico Hills, N. Y.

Albro & Lindeberg, Architects.

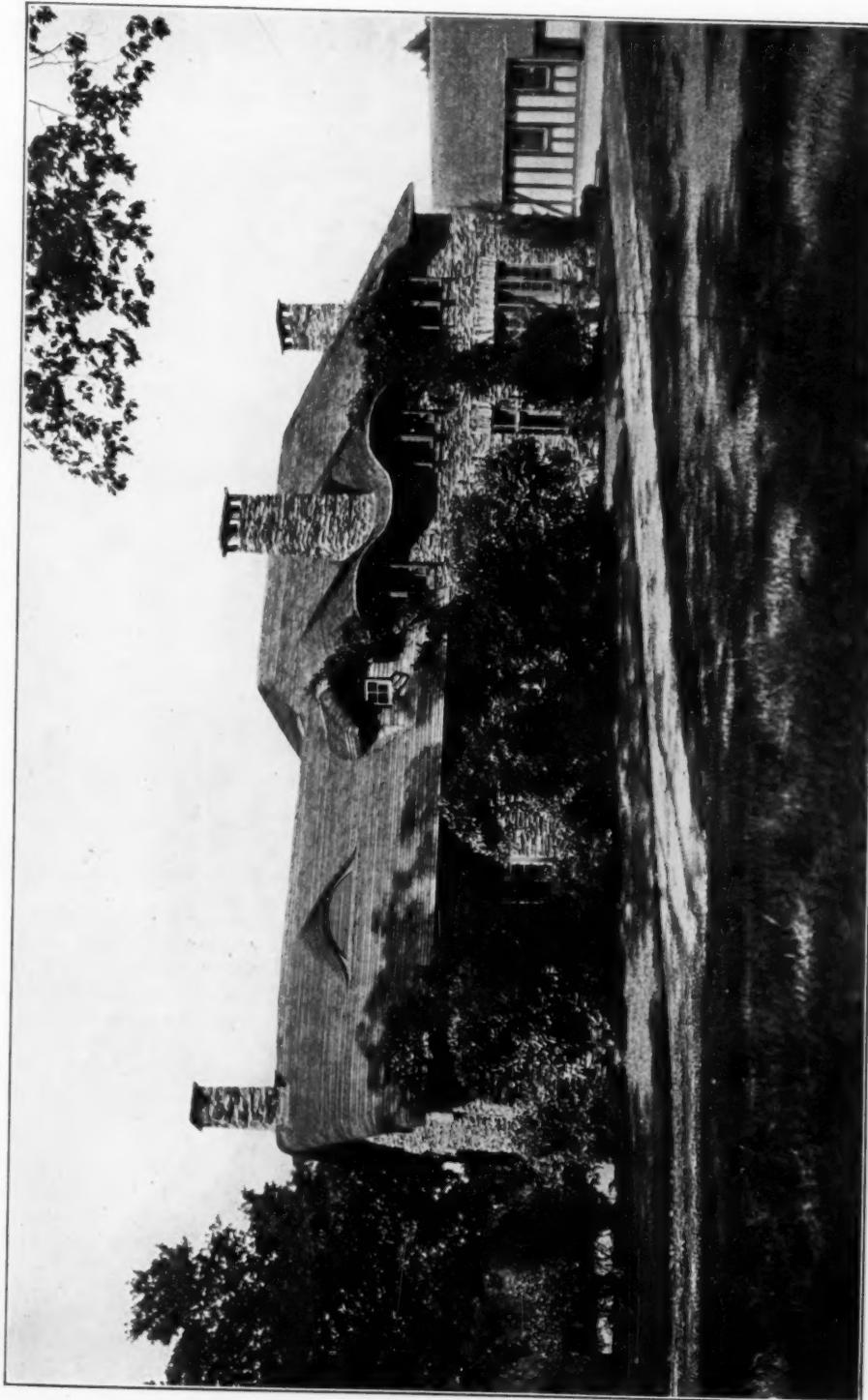


SUPERINTENDENT'S COTTAGE AND STABLE—ESTATE AT POCANTICO HILLS.
Albro & Lindeberg, Architects.

Pocantico Hills, N. Y.

A THATCHED PALACE.

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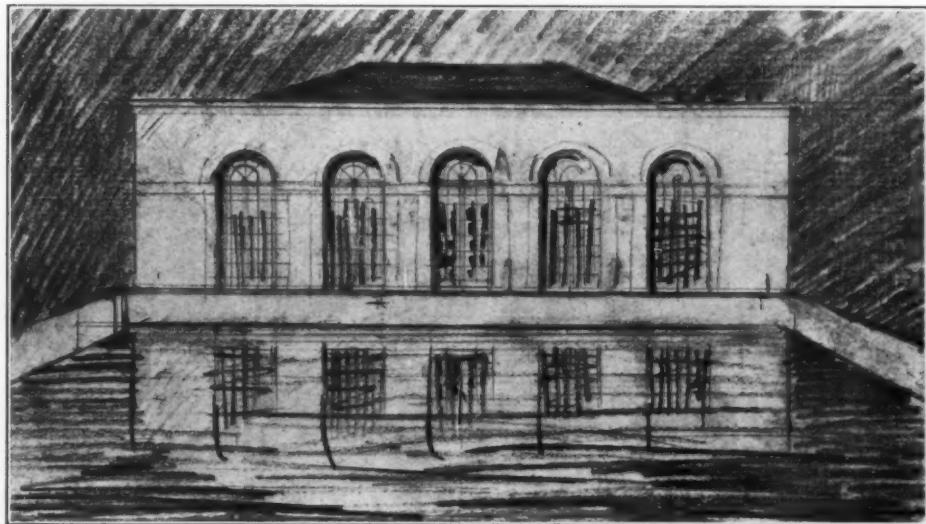
Pocantico Hills, N. Y.

SOUTH VIEW OF SUPERINTENDENT'S COTTAGE—ESTATE AT POCANTICO HILLS.

Albro & Lindeberg, Architects.

of the walls, would by no means have provided him with a trustworthy lintel, he would have deepened the arch accordingly, or turned a relieving arch over it in the wall. True, he might have gone to the village blacksmith for a strap of iron. This, of course, is what has been done. It has been done, but it has not been expressed. Compare the effect of the windows in the "Gardener's Cottage," where the depth of the arch is evidently adequate to its span. The narrower openings of that house, by the way, are covered by flat arches, visibly sufficient.

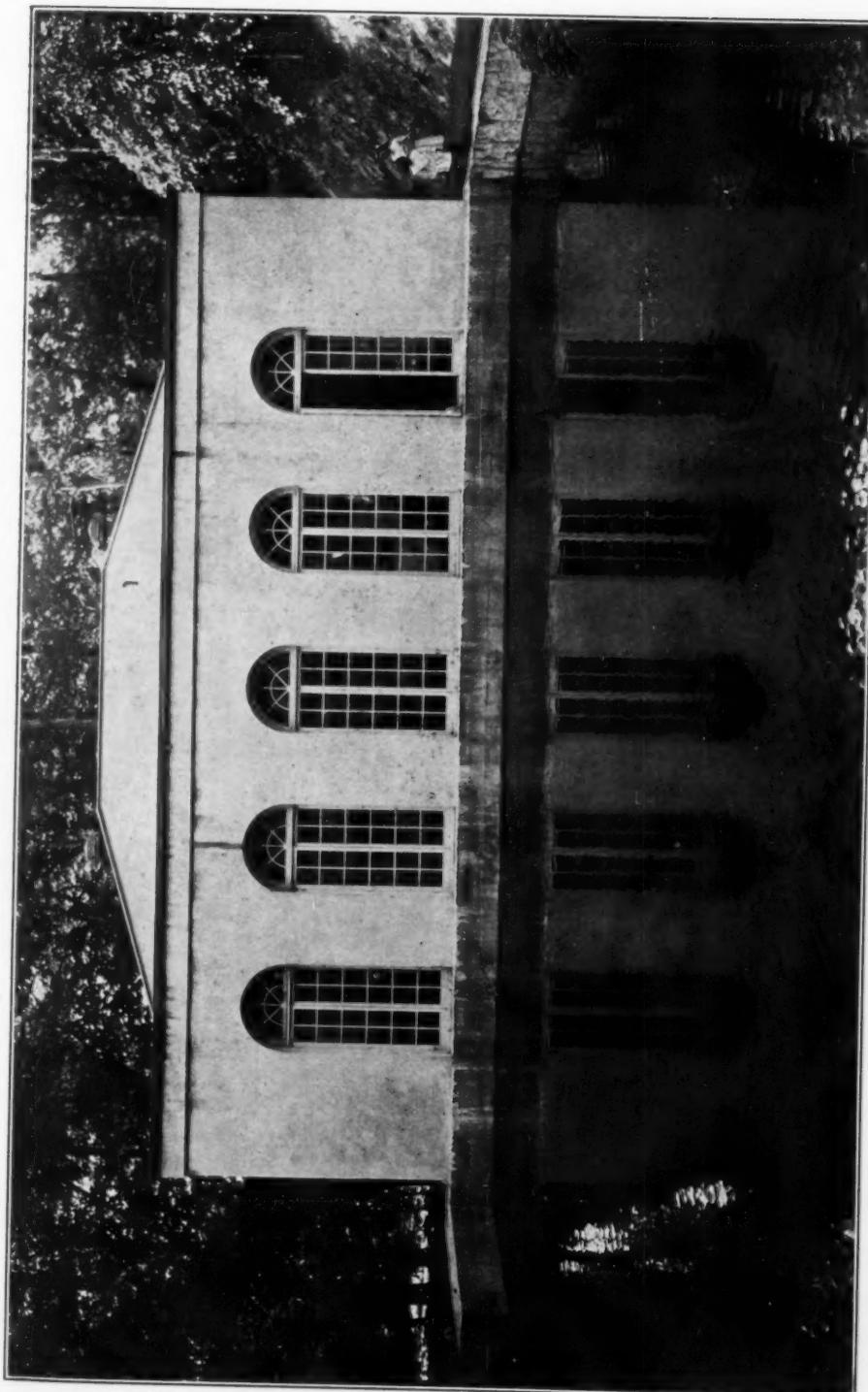
supposititious "thatch." Note especially the roofing of the "Superintendent's house" with the undulations of the window-hoods, and with the relief of the subordinate roof by that wrinkle, at the centre, or "eyebrow," upon the invention of which Richardson prided himself, and which none of his successors has employed to better purpose than that: to which it is employed in these buildings. Take it for all in all, there is no example of country house architecture in this country more infallibly amusing and delightful than this "thatched palace" at Pocantico Hills, and its appurtenant



MR. LINDEBERG'S SKETCH FOR POWER HOUSE—ESTATE AT POCANTICO HILLS.
Pocantico Hills, N. Y.
Albro & Lindeberg, Architects.

But the criticism becomes almost a cavil, and an ungrateful cavil, when the work as a whole and in detail is so thoroughly enjoyable and praiseworthy. The subordinate buildings, from the big stable on the other side of the high road to this gardener's cottage, are all as carefully and affectionately designed as the main house, which indeed is a much less "imposing pile" than the stable, for example. Rubblework or half-timbered, it is all so good and all so in keeping. And the roof treatment is everywhere so successful as to make us doubt whether the architect could have used any other material so suited to his purpose as this

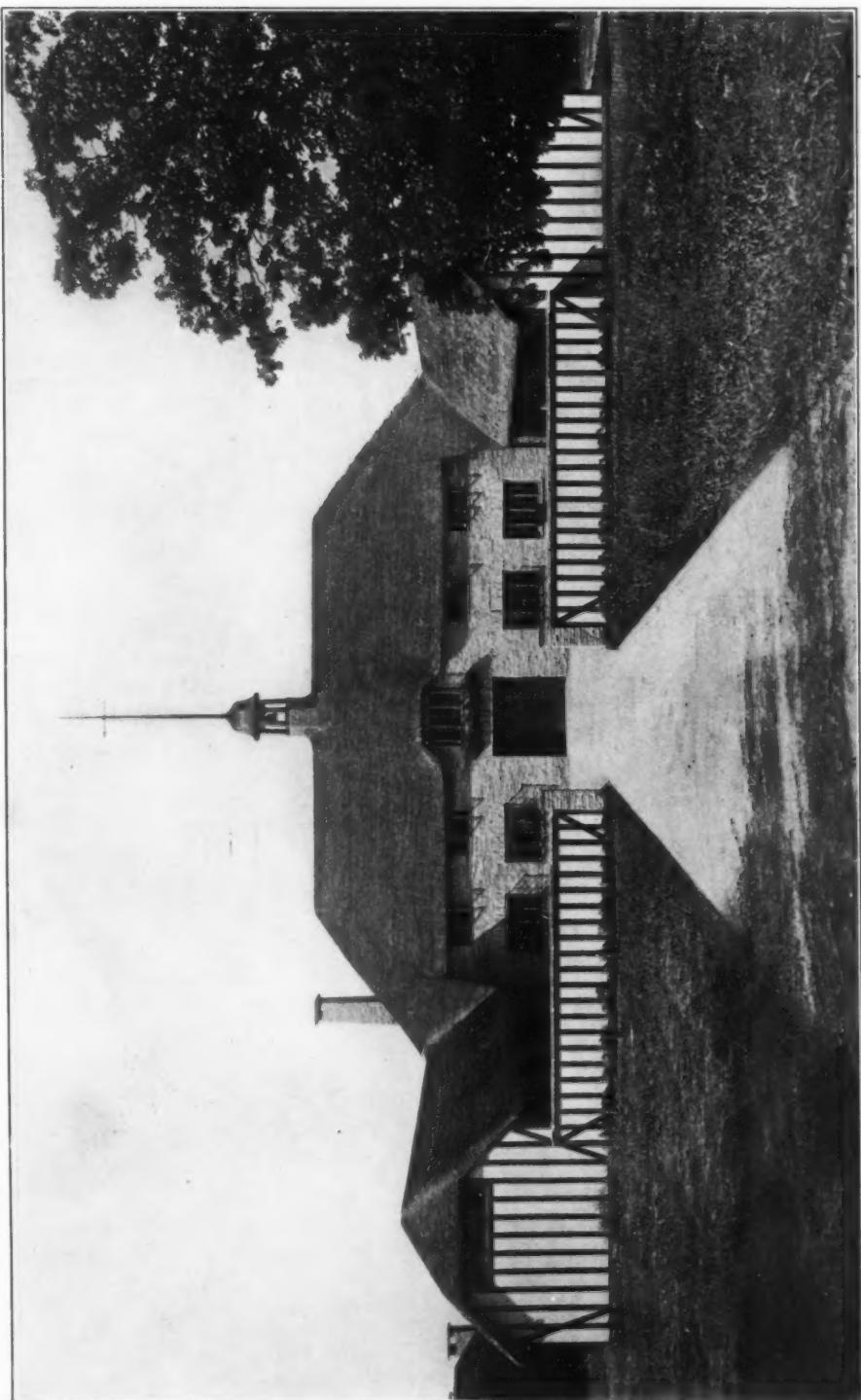
buildings. The architect's credit is quite the same whether the motive, the "stunt," was his suggestion or his "donnee," for in either case the success is equally dependent upon the skill and sensibility with which the primary motive was carried out, through all the buildings and into every detail. In truth, the spirit of the architecture is carried beyond the architecture. Witness the garden of the foreground of the entrance front, where a "formal garden" would have been absurdly out of place, but where there is so exactly in place this carefully unkempt, elaborately disordered and artistically neglected wilderness of flowers.



POWER HOUSE—ESTATE AT POCANTICO HILLS.

Pocantico Hills, N. Y.

Albro & Lindeberg, Architects.



STABLE—ESTATE AT POCANTICO HILLS.

Pocantico Hills, N. Y.

Albro & Lindeberg, Architects.

SERIO-PIFFLE ARCHITECTURE

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

One of the leading characteristics of the Serio-Piffle school of Architecture is a pointed beard, and a wan but hopeful cast of countenance. Sometimes this is accompanied by a red necktie, and the fingernails are always neatly manicured. There is a rug on the office floor and two or three fat, ruddy bricks on the table. Aside from these necessary details, the architecture is usually borrowed.

It is the architect of this school that supplies the Seriousness, and this is most necessary, for his Architecture is entirely and wholly Piffle.

I should hate to wear a garb composed of as many ill-assorted and incongruous parts as one of the houses planned by the Serio-Piffle architect. One of his favorite attempts at originality is to daub a second story with mud colored plaster, and imbed planks, of various widths and evident uselessness, in the plaster. The originality consists in thinking up ways of placing the planks so that they may have absolutely no relation to the construction. This, I believe, is supposed to be Elizabethan, and is, consequently, particularly appropriate in a forty by one hundred foot lot in Elizabeth, N. J. The plaster is also excellent for a damp, muggy location on Long Island. Such a house looks well between a Queen Anne cottage with warts on it, and a Southern Colonial with pillars opening at every pore. It gives such an air of verisimilitude to the locality.

The deeply concerned and studious air of the Serio-Piffle architect, as he wrinkles his brow over the problem of the owner, before he opens the Ladies' Home World, and borrows the prize house from the October Contest, is alone worth the price of the plans, and his struggles before he can decide whether to make the dormer windows too long or too wide for the size of the house, fill the soul of the on-looker with admiration. For the Serio-Piffle architecture is

always serious—some of it is painfully so—some is actually pathetic. Of writers there are various kinds, serious, humorous and burlesque, but the architect alone is always serious. The jokes he perpetrates, and that become practical jokes when the builder gets at the plans, belong to the realm of unconscious humor.

I would like to see a school of architectural humorists established, and I would put into their hands the planning of all suburban homes up to and including those costing \$11,000. These architects would be exceedingly serious of manner, as professional humorists are supposed to be. Some would be bald, like Bill Nye; and some would have fluffy hair like Mark Twain, and wear white dress suits; and some would be melancholy of countenance, like Artemus Ward and Simeon Ford, but all would have that common trait of getting off their jokes without cracking a smile. They would talk shop in a solemn Beaux Arts style while spreading their plans for \$4,000 cottages before the owner, and this solemn manner would make the joke twice as funny. Then the owner, on seeing the plans, would not have to assume an equal seriousness, as at present. As soon as the plans were unrolled he would know they were a joke, and his face would break into a smile of joy which, as the plans were explained to him, would increase to a hearty laugh. Some owners with a good, strong sense of humor, would actually die of laughter, especially when they came to the point of the joke—that the lowest bid on the \$4,000 house possibly obtainable from any sane builder was \$8,675.67.

If this school of professional architectural humorists was established our suburbs would be far more enjoyable places to visit. There would be entire streets with every dwelling a joke. Today too many of our suburbs are like the

Atlantic Monthly, mainly matter of a serious type, with only here and there a joke. By properly gathering the work of the architectural humorists together in separate suburbs, under the supervision of competent editors, our various suburbs would gain an individuality as distinct as those of *Puck* and *Life*. All the serio-piffle Colonial jokes would be gathered in Wildmere, and all the serio-piffle Queen Anne houses in Thistlehurst, and all the half-timbered humorous skits in Swampscomb. Sunday afternoon trips to the suburbs would then be as joyful as an hour in the pages of *Judge*. The streets would be full of merry, laughing crowds, passing from one house to another, all gurgling with glee.

"Oh, Edward," Mrs. Cityman would exclaim, wiping her tears, "just look at this one! This is the funniest of all!"

"Yes," Mr. Cityman would say, "that is a good one, but look across the street there! Ha! Ha! Ha! My dear, I think Thistlehurst is the best comic town we have visited yet!"

"Dear, dear!" Mrs. Cityman would cry: "I'm sure I haven't laughed so heartily for weeks. But don't forget Concreteville, Edward. *That* was funny!"

"Yes," her husband would reply, "that was funny, but the humor was a little broad, don't you think?"

"Well, I don't care!" she would say: "I'll never forget how I laughed at that house made of concrete imitation field stones, with the red brick chimney and the Italian piazza with a concrete pergola on its roof. Who was the author?"

"Fliggins. But of course that was his masterpiece. It made him famous. But he hasn't done anything but concrete field stones ever since."

I should think the serio-piffle architects would tremble in their shoes when they look upon the houses that were built forty years ago, and consider what people will think of present day piffle architecture forty years from now! Just think of the French-roof piffle that was the rage forty years ago, and how serious the architects were while compiling those awful jokes out of the French Joe Millers from which they stole them.

Think of the Swiss chalet jokes, and the Brownstone Front jokes, and the Byzantine carved front jokes. Thank heaven, we are past *that* stage! There are no serio-piffle architects today, twisting good styles into comic supplement jokes!

So far as I know there was only one man who saw through the serio-pifflers of that day, but he was a prince of serio-piffle himself—Phineas T. Barnum. You have seen his Thingumbob palace with doojabs all over it in the best piffling style of the day. He loved humbug, Barnum did. He was strong on mermaids and two-headed things and petrified giants, and when he wanted a palace he had it done in the real spirit of humbuggery. I have not the least doubt he sat and listened to his architect explain the beauties of that palace plan with just the same awe-filled face that plain Mr. Jones sits and listens to his architect today. But Phineas was not fooled. He could see through serio-piffle as well as the next man. He probably had the time of his life—as we say on Broadway—listening to the solemn way in which the architect discussed the comparative merits of nailing or glueing the doojabs to the house.

When my friend, Mr. C. Reo Piffle, expects a client at his office, he makes important preparations. He has his beard trimmed to the most exquisite perfection, and, if the commission promises to be an important one, he has his face massaged. He has his nails manicured and his large seal ring cleaned in alcohol. Then he has the three sample brick on his table washed and wiped, and is ready for the client. The client is kept waiting exactly the right length of time in the ante-room. Mr. C. Reo Piffle has, in the years he has been in the profession, managed to ascertain exactly the time a client should be allowed to study the plaster casts in the ante-room before being admitted to the August Presence of the beard and the bricks. At the psychological moment the door of the ante-room opens and the boy—or the page, if the boy of the hour happens to be of a size to fit the blue suit with the brass buttons—opens the door, and says, in a low, mysterious tone:

"Mr. Piffle will see you now, if you please."

Mr. Piffle, when the door opens, is always seated in his swinging arm-chair, and he makes it an inevitable rule to be swinging away from the desk when the client catches the first glimpse of him. This is extremely effective, particularly as Mr. Piffle makes it a point to exhibit a careworn brow, wrinkled crossways, suggesting the awful wear and tear of the mighty problems of architecture with which he is forever grappling.

"Mr. Client," says the office boy softly, and retires backward, closing the door of the sanctuary with a gentleness commensurate with the vast learning of his employer. For Mr. Piffle is a man of temperament. He tells you so. And you know it by his beard and the color of his tie, anyway.

"Oh! Mr. Client," he says sadly, for he makes it a point to show that each new commission is but a new burden, accepted merely because *this* location appeals to his artistic soul, or *this* client is one that will appreciate good architecture. "I have just been looking over some plans that should interest you. A little thing I did for Henry C. Bigwallet, his country place at Dampmere."

For years no new client has entered C. Reo Piffle's office without having the Bigwallet country place plans shown him.

"It was a very successful bit," says Mr. Piffle modestly.

At any rate the plans are very successful pictures. On the wall is a painting—water color—by X—, with dozens of bay trees in green tubs, and long rows of box hedge, and enormous white clouds in a blue sky behind the red roof, showing the Bigwallet country place in all its majesty. X— is the recognized master of this sort of thing, and is particularly strong on blue sky and white clouds. On the other wall is a painting—water color—by Z—. It is what might be called "The Bigwallet Country Place in a Fog." It is all in gray, with the roof in dull red-gray, and the foliage—purely imaginary—in green-gray, and the sky in blue-gray, and a yellow gray moon—or sun, for no one can ever tell whether Z—'s things are to represent

moonlight—or sunlight. On the third wall are six photographs of the Bigwallet country place, each 20x30. Mr. Client is impressed. Anyone would be. Mr. Piffle softly murmurs the cost of the Bigwallet Country Place. It may be \$80,000,000 or \$8,000,000 or \$800,000—one means as much as the other to Mr. Client, who has come regarding a \$7,000 cottage. He is overpowered. He feels he is imposing on a good-natured man in bringing his petty job to him, much as if he had dared venture into the private office of J. P. Morgan to ask to have a ten-dollar bill changed into ones.

"And now," says my friend, C. Reo Piffle, "let us get at this little affair of yours. Have you an engineer's plan of your property?"

Mr. Client has not. A shade of disappointment crosses Mr. Piffle's face.

"Oh, well," he says regretfully, "perhaps you can make a rough sketch of it. Before I see the property with my own eyes I can do little, but—." He waves his hand.

Mr. Client draws on the back of an envelope, the Plan. It is a rectangle, and he explains that he has sixty feet front, with one hundred and twenty feet depth. There is a Tree on the property about the size of a walking cane, and with a spread of limb about the size of a parasol. Mr. Piffle gravely writes this on his pad. There is also an Eminence on the property—a bump the size of a wash tub. Mr. Piffle insists on getting this located exactly. He almost weeps to think that Mr. Client has not brought an engineer's plan showing the Eminence, with a profile drawing of it. When he recovers from the shock that this oversight has caused his temperament, he carefully draws a compass in the corner of the back of the envelope, and leans back with his thin artistic fingers against his brow, and studies the envelope. From time to time he caresses his beard with his fingers, thoughtfully. He allows his eyes to wander dreamily over the wall; they rest a moment on the blue sky and fleecy clouds of the X—drawing of the Bigwallet place. Suddenly he leans forward and pounces upon the envelope. With the swift deftness of long experience—and that is

what Mr. Client is paying for, isn't it? —he draws a ground plan about the size of a postage stamp immediately over the Eminence, but set askew, so as not to bump the Tree.

"There!" he says triumphantly. "There, you see, Mr. Client? I give you the advantage of a southern exposure by putting your front door at the back of the house. I place your house on the Eminence, thus taking every advantage of the natural beauties of your estate. This brings the kitchen opposite the front gate, but it is screened by the Tree. Here we will have a box hedge —ten-year-old plants set out now will be fifty years old in only forty years. Here will be two bay trees in green butter tubs, *a la Firenze*" (and also, though he does not say so, *a la* cheap Parisian cafe). "Here will be a sunken garden, six feet by four feet, with a pergola two feet wide, twelve feet high and eight feet long, leading to the English Formal Garden, seven feet by three. The walks will wind in and out, thus taking the longest possible means to get anywhere, or nowhere, and adding to the cost of your place. Of course, you wish a Colonial dwelling."

Mr. Client says "Ah—ah—" doubtfully. In fact, he does not want a Colonial dwelling.

"Ah—my wife," he says meekly, keeping his eyes from the water-colors of the Bigwallet place for very shame, "my wife thought perhaps we could have a—"

"Really, Mr. Client," says my friend Piffle, with an air of meaning that this is indeed too much. "Really, you know!"

"Well, of course," says Mr. Client shamefacedly.

"Ah!" says my friend Piffle. "I thought so. For you can see, with that Tree and that Eminence, a Colonial mansion is the *only* thing possible. I am glad you see it that way, sir. For if you did not, I should have to give up the commission, much as I would regret to do so. My artistic sense—"

"My wife," murmurs Mr. Client meekly, "said something about wanting the front door in the front of the house—"

"Tut! Tut!" says C. Reo, lightly.

"When she sees the plans I shall prepare—Why, *all* my plans for Colonial houses have the front doors in the back! All of them! Since I introduced the front-door-in-the-back *all* the architects of any standing have been forced to acknowledge that I am right; that I have caught the true Colonial spirit." (Here he leans forward, confidentially, and recites page seventy-four from Wallin Bagger's "Colonial Homes, From Patagonia to Patapsco," touching Mr. Client on the arm, knee, tie, and chest, probably as a preliminary to touching him in his purse a little later.) "Yes, indeed. Front doors at the back of the house! Always! You remember the Van Hancock house on Long Spit, Cape Cod County, Virginia? Front door actually so far back they put it on the rear side of the barn. If you want a Colonial mansion you *must* have the front door in the rear; take my word for it."

"But my wife—"

"Now, my dear Mr. Client; we all know wives. You can imagine what the architecture of America would come to if we allowed wives to dictate. Why, *all* the front doors would be in front! Do you suppose I studied six months in Paris and traveled three weeks in Italy, and do not know all about Colonial architecture? My dear, dear sir! Front doors in the back, sir! Don't you know that Brabb & Gubb go even further? You know Brabb & Gubb, of course. They specialize in Colonial mansions, and do nothing under \$400,000. Well, sir, when I began putting front doors in the sides of my houses, they began to take notice. They saw I had grasped the true uncomfortable Colonial spirit. Mr. Brabb told me himself he never saw anything so thoroughly uncomfortable as my idea of putting the bathtub in the cellar and towel rack in the attic. Then I began putting my front doors in the back, and I may say it created a sensation. Mr. Brabb asked me if I meant to chase the front door clear around the house. Of course I did not think anything of this at the time, for fellows like Brabb & Gubb are always picking up my ideas. And the next Colonial mansion Brabb & Gubb designed actually had the front door on the left side! The *left*

side, Mr. Client! How is that for a firm that calls itself conservative? They took my idea and went me one better, sir! I began with the front door in front—that was the old idea—and then I moved the front door to the right side of the house. I saw I was on the proper track, and I moved the front door another notch around, and put it in the back of the house. *And then Brabb & Gubb—the conservative Brabb & Gubb—went me one better and moved the front door another notch around—clear around to the left side of the house!* I said then, and I say now—it was too radical. But what happened next? Brabb & Gubb cast all their conservative notions to the winds and *moved the front door another notch, clean around to the front again*. That's too extreme for me! I believe in being progressive, but not in being recklessly so. Half way around the house is far enough to move the front door. I moved my front doors half way and I'll let them stay there. And Brabb & Gubb design nothing under \$400,000 mansions. Just tell that to Mrs. Client!"

"Well," said Mr. Client, doubtfully, "possibly Mrs. Client will stand for a back front door if she can have fourteen closets.

"Certainly," said Mr. Piffle, writing it on his pad.

"And she wants a living room 30 by 40; a dining room 30x40; a parlor 30x40; a butler's pantry 30x40; a hallway 30x40; a reception room 30x40 and a kitchen 30x40, all on the ground floor," said Mr. Client.

"Nothing easier," said Mr. Piffle, writing the figures on his pad. "30x40. Feet or inches, Mr. Client?"

"Feet," said Mr. Client.

"Exactly," said my friend Piffle. "And the second floor?"

"Ten bedrooms, each 30x40," said Mr. Client.

"Feet or inches?" asked Mr. Piffle.

"Feet," replied Mr. Client.

"Just so," agreed Mr. Piffle, making a note of the figures. "And the third floor?"

"Two maids' rooms, 30x40; a store room 30x40, and a billiard room."

"The billiard room 30x40, I presume?" inquired Mr. Piffle.

"No, 40x30," said Mr. Client, consulting a card in his pocket.

"Feet or inches?" asked Mr. Piffle.

"Feet," said Mr. Client.

"Other specifications?" asked Mr. Piffle.

"We want an overhang, a veranda extending along five sides of the house, a bath room adjoining each room except the butler's pantry, front and rear stairs, half-timbered chimneys, open fires in all rooms, hardwood trim throughout, hardwood floors, mahogany doors, plate glass windows, open plumbing, clear stock, burglar proof window locks, rough cast walls, oak wainscots, bay windows exclusively, cemented cellar, hot water heating, electric wiring and gas pipes, emerald studded door knobs, solid gold hinges on all doors, platinum window weights, diamond push buttons—"

"One minute," said Mr. Piffle. "Diamond push buttons, I have that. Go on."

"Window and veranda screens of drawn eighteen-carat gold throughout," continued Mr. Client, "stair rail of cast bronze, lighting fixtures of cut steel set with oriental pearls, bathroom lined with ancient blue Persian tiles, each bathtub solid marble, a renaissance portico over the front back door—"

"Stop!" said Mr. Piffle, sternly. "Stop!"

"Excuse me," said Mr. Client, "have I—"

"Mr. Client," he says with sorrow in his voice, "in a \$7,000 Colonial cottage all the slight details you have mentioned can be included, and I will gladly include them, but when you enter the realm of the architect's own work I must insist on the canons of good architecture being observed. A renaissance portico on a \$7,000 Colonial cottage! Oh, Mr. Client!"

"I—I'm sure I beg your pardon," says Mr. Client, contritely. "I did not intend giving you pain."

"A renaissance portico!" repeats Mr. Piffle sadly. "On one of my Colonial dreams! Ah! We architects are so little understood! Ah! the public is so ignorant! Ah!"

"Of course," says Mr. Client, apologetically, "if it isn't the right thing——"

"Mr. Client," says Mr. Piffle solemnly, "there *are* men in my profession, I regret to say, who would put a renaissance portico on a \$7,000 Colonial house, in utter disregard of all the Canons of Art, but I pride myself on a strict regard for the Canons of Art. Never, sir, while I am sane enough to know a Canon of Art from a Squash Pie will I put a renaissance portico on a \$7,000 Colonial cottage. On all my Colonial houses—on all of them, Mr. Client—I put Gothic porticos."

That is my friend C. Reo Piffle to a dot. Perhaps you know him. When Mr. and Mrs. Client drop in to examine the first plans they are surprised to find none of the details as they had been given by Mr. Client on his first visit. The hardwood finish throughout is replaced by low grade spruce; there is one very small bath room, the largest room in the house is ten by fifteen; there is a cubby hole instead of a third floor, and the second floor is a half story. But the front door is in the rear elevation plan, and the Gothic Portico is there—exactly as it appears in that useful book "1,000 Houses, \$400 to \$10,000," which is for sale at Brentano's for 25 cents.

My other friend, Seery O'Piffle, is a much better man to have a high ball with. He is a red faced, loud talking fellow, and the Lord only knows what he would have been forced to do for a living if the bungalow craze had not come in just as he was getting on his uppers. It was bread and meat—and whiskey—for O'Piffle. Between you and me he could not design a \$200 garage without making an error that would make the village carpenter weep, but he is right at home in bungalows. His strong point is talking them, and he can reel—he often reels—can reel off information about East Indian bungalows, Ceylonese bungalows, Siamese bungalows, and All-other-ese bungalows by the hour, and then plan you a bungalow of pine slabs

that a dog would scorn to live in. He has acquired a great reputation merely by making his bungalows as unliveable as anything could be on this earth, and that is what people want in bungalows, "something simple and unconventional," as O'Piffle calls it, with the toilet in one corner of the kitchen, and the bedrooms separated from the dining room by four-foot partitions. I believe O'Piffle designs his bungalows with a set of wooden blocks, which he shoves together hap hazard on his desk. "Long and low" is his motto, and over his desk he has a placard reading "What's the Use of Living if You Can't Be Uncomfortable?"

Like all the Serio-Piffle School he takes himself very seriously and talks like a cross between "The First Guide to Architecture, Ancient and Modern," and an essay on "Nature and Culture," by Hamilton Mabie. He talks pylons and pediments, egg-and-dart and acanthus, while showing his client a plan that looks like an abortive dry goods box with a dust-pan inverted on top of it.

But this is the serio-piffle age, and we take all these serio-piffle prophets with a solemnity that must make the gods laugh. We gape over a serio-piffle Lowell and his serio-piffle canals of Mars, and over the serio-piffle reformers in our magazines, and it would be a shame if our architects were to have no share in the Great American Serio-Piffle Game.

Shuffle your cards, my brothers, and play your Greek trumps on your forty-seven-story skyscrapers, and you will take the trick. Look wise and talk wise, and borrow from the ancients and the near-ancients. Add six feet to the spire of that church borrowed from Lancaster and call it Original, and dab entablatures and cornices here and there and call it Art. What do I care? I am one of you even as I sit here and give you a serio-piffling lecture on architecture, and pretend to be a wise old owl on a subject of which I know nothing at all.

APOTHEOSIS OF THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE

✓ Lorado Taft's Symposium of Adornment With Sculpture

PETER B. WIGHT

Who is there that has not heard of the Midway Plaisance? The name and location are probably more familiar to the people of the United States, and even of some foreign countries, than any other spot in America. Yet how few know the origin and import of its name.

It was largely advertised and first became famous in the year of the World's Columbian Exposition. But this notoriety was the result of accidental circumstances. On that account the same name has been inappropriately applied to other locations, in connection with great fairs, set apart for purely amusement purposes; inappropriately, because there has been and is only one "Midway."

And while it became notorious only seventeen years ago, its origin dates back just thirty-nine years. Its author was our great landscape architect, the late Frederic Law Olmsted. For when he was called upon by the Commissioners of the South Parks for the City of Chicago, just organized in the year 1870, when Illinois rejoiced in a new Constitution, and Chicago had put on its newer life, following the events of the Civil War, he laid out on paper a complete system of parks, with connecting drives and (so-called) boulevards, to cover the wild and untamed prairies, marshes and sand dunes lying far south of the built-up part of the city.

There were to be two large parks, one extending along the shore of Lake Michigan, a mile and a half, and the other a mile distant from the first and of nearly the same size. The first is now called Jackson Park, and in 1891 was selected as the site for the World's Columbian Exposition, and the second was eventually named Washington Park. But Olmsted conceived them as one park, and they were then known only as the South Parks. And he did so wisely,

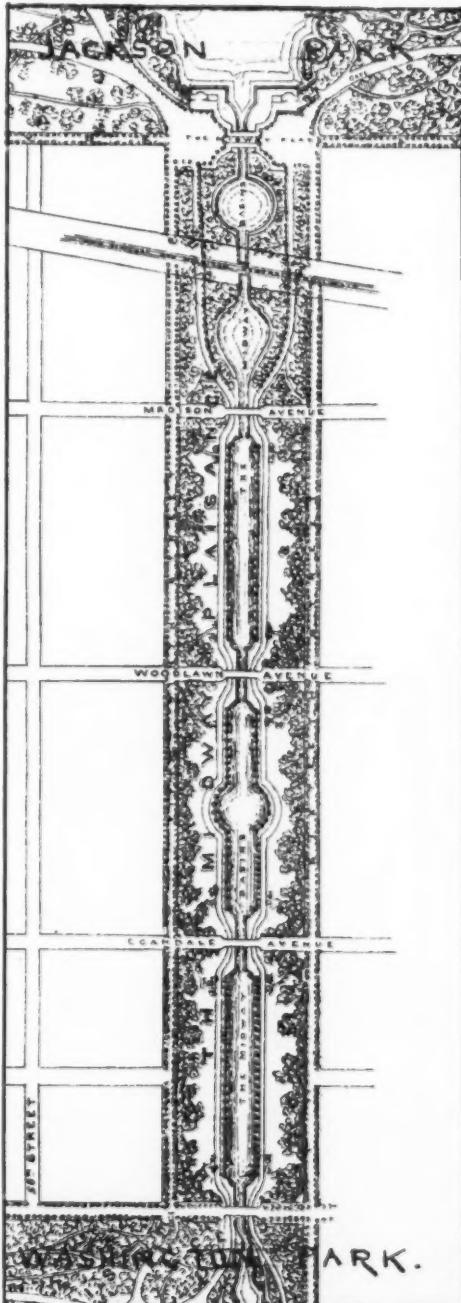
for included in the area purchased was a strip connecting the two parks, one mile long and six hundred feet wide, occupying the whole space between Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth Streets, which had only then been platted on the maps. This he made an integral part and central feature of the park system, and called it on his design the "Midway Plaisance." Mr. Olmsted had a happy method of naming all the roads and central features of all the parks that he designed, and they were integral parts of his plans. This he had first done in his design for Central Park at New York, and all his nomenclature is there still preserved. The Midway Plaisance was the central pleasure ground of his design, the place for straight roads, formal gardens and a waterway; the place for parade and display, while all the rest of the ground was for recreation and play. All of this was conjectured in his imagination, for there were very few features in the wild ground that had been turned over to him which could form any essential part of his plan. At that period of his experience, he had little liking for English and Italian formal gardens. He was of the romantic school of park makers, and sought everywhere to preserve and protect natural features. When the ground was flat, he developed a swamp into a pool, and made undulating surfaces with its dredgings. But a straight, narrow and level section gave him an opportunity for originality, and the Midway, as we now see it, and as it is to be, is the result of the careful study of a great man, nearly forty years ago, supplemented by another great man of our own day, who is to develop that idea to an extent which even Olmsted never imagined.

The Midway has been dear to Chicagoans during all of these thirty-nine

years, and they have always made use of it in some way since it was acquired as a public ground. It has made its own history, it has been long in its fruition, and now is about to come into its own.

As soon as parts of Washington and Jackson Parks had been developed and a road built to the South End of Washington Park, a drive through the Midway Plaisance became necessary. The first drive was like a newly-broken country road. This was laid out wherever the ground was high and firm enough and had many bends. One of the first things done by the Commissioners had been to plant a nursery for trees near the East End, and the road had to be cut through it. The people of Chicago were quick to make early use of the new park roads, so the Midway road early became a thoroughfare, and thirty years ago was always thronged with equipages on fair days, being now part of the regular pleasure drive to the southward. The people therefore were generally familiar with it.

But no attempt had been made to improve it further, up to the time that the Columbian Exposition was definitely located in Jackson Park. Meanwhile only the north end of Jackson Park had been regulated by the Park Commission, and the entire South End was taken in hand by the Columbian Exposition Commissioners. Later they were given the use of the Midway, and cut a straight road right through the center, leading westward to Cottage Grove Avenue, where an entrance was established. The surface was roughly leveled off and it was thus prepared for whatever use to which it might be put. The first exhibits assigned to it were those in which the cultivation of the ground was a necessity. As an example, the California fruit tree exhibit and many others of the kind were placed there and continued to the end of the Exposition. The accident as before said that made it famous then occurred. The authorities of the fair had been overwhelmed with applications for amusement features and were puzzled to know what to do with them. They had also planned for extensive ethnological exhibits near the South end of Jackson Park, and many had



Part of the Original Plan for the South Parks
Made by Olmsted, Vaux & Co., in 1871.



been located there. But still there was no more room in that place. Then the happy thought came to someone and it was decided to put all the ethnological exhibits, for which an additional charge for admission was to be allowed, and all the amusement features in the Midway, on both sides of the mile long road. Foreign nations took up the largest part of the grounds, and interspersed with these were all sorts of amusements and restaurants. So the Midway became really a place of instruction as well as amusement, and was not in any respect like its degenerate successors.

This digression seems to be pertinent here in correcting many popular misconceptions of what the Midway Plaisance really was during the Columbian Exposition. It was in a sense a natural fulfillment of one of the purposes for which it was originally designed, as its name implies, though perhaps in a less dignified manner.

After the fair closed and the flotsam and jetsam which came in its wake had disappeared, and it became necessary to connect the park drives again, the Park Commissioners had recourse to Mr. Olmsted again, and called upon him to re-design Jackson Park, with suggested improvements in the south part, and any additions which his experience as consulting landscape architect of the Columbian Exposition had suggested as to the remainder. The result was an essentially new design, which has now been fully carried out to completion. He also revived his original plan for the Midway Plaisance, modifying it only by giving straight lines to the central waterway. It may be news, therefore, to many that the design to be carried to completion follows very closely the original Olmsted design, as will be seen by the reproduction herewith illustrated, showing only that part of the South Park System which includes the Midway and its connection with the two larger parks. The work of grading, planting and roadmaking was completed five years ago, with the exception of the excavation of the waterway or canal and the construction of the bridges which are to cross it.

It is now contemplated to carry out that part of the work. The central lawn

is depressed about six feet below the highest sodded ground. The canal will be dug through the center of this depression. The Illinois Central Railroad with eight tracks crosses the Midway near its east end on an elevated embankment with wide span street viaducts at each end, sufficient for both roads and waterways. This embankment is screened with foliage, and is surmounted by a suburban railway station, which is also partially screened in the same manner. The canal will be on the same grade and connected with the lagoons of Jackson Park, which are at the Lake Michigan level. The water supply to the canal will be from the overflow of the ponds in Washington Park, which are at a higher grade (about eight feet), and will furnish a small waterfall at the west end. This waterway will be spanned by a practicable bridge for street and electric railway traffic on Cottage Grove Avenue, which is the east boundary of Washington Park. It will be possible to construct a lock for motor boats at this point, but this will not be necessary for the development of the design and adornment of the Midway, for it will be accessible for boats from the Jackson Park lagoons.

The three streets which are now graded across the Midway are those designated by Mr. Olmsted thirty-nine years ago—Ellis Avenue, Woodlawn Avenue and Madison Avenue. The first is exactly one quarter of a mile from the west end at Cottage Grove Avenue, and all are one quarter of a mile apart. The grading of the streets is now temporary, as all are ultimately to be changed to bridges.

Since the year 1890, the removal of the University of Chicago to a site on the north side of the Midway has contributed largely to the importance of this public playground. Its very existence and contemplated improvement was the *raison d'être* of the selection of the new site for the University. During the Columbian Fair the first new buildings were in process of erection. At that time the University site included only four city blocks. It now has tenfold of that area. Part of it extends northward from Fifty-ninth Street to Fifty-sixth,

and at the present time the University owns the entire frontage on both sides of the Midway from Cottage Grove Avenue to the Illinois Central Railroad tracks, a distance of seven-eighths of a mile. This will insure a high class architectural frontage on both sides forever. It requires a stretch of the imagination to picture what this setting will be when the entire surrounding territory is covered with gray stone buildings of Gothic Architecture, varying in design according to their special purposes.

The extent of this architectural setting as it was three years ago, and before the Harper Memorial Library had been commenced, is seen in our illustration, which is a birds-eye view taken at that time from a kite, showing the University buildings and a large part of the Midway Plaisance, as it now is in the foreground.

Another illustration showing the whole Midway and its relation to the surrounding territory, including the streets to be bridged, is a reproduction of the Park Commissioners working plan for the grading, roads and plantation as far as now completed.

In addition to these, we are able to present a *fac simile* of the original design of Olmsted, Vaux & Co. for the Midway Plaisance made in 1871.

With these before him, the reader may form some conception of the great scheme of Lorado Taft, for making the entire Midway a background and abiding place for a series of artistic bridges, sculptural groups and statues, all designed with relation to each other and the whole effect when completed.

The completion of the park work on the Midway, and its value as a setting for sculpture, two years ago suggested to Mr. Taft that it should be carried farther than contemplated by Mr. Olmsted. It was possible then to take in the whole prospect and see its future development in the mind's eye. These two years have been given by him to a study of the problem, and the result began to appear last Winter, in a few small models, which he then exhibited for the first time. Since then, he has completed the models for the central bridge, the largest groups of figures and several of



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THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE (RIGHT).
(Photo taken from a kite, showing the University of Chicago at left.)

Chicago, Ill.

the isolated statues, which we are now enabled, for the first time, to illustrate as far as the work has been carried on. While the engineering work is progressing, there will be time to develop the models to their full size, or at least as fast as they can be executed in marble.

The University of Chicago has turned over to Mr. Taft for a nominal consideration during a term of ten years, a strip of ground south of the Midway, with entrance from 6016 Ellis Avenue and running back several hundred feet. On

straight and formal canal, which is to occupy the present depressions at a level lower than the street. The canal would be spanned by three bridges of monumental design, to be dedicated—since this is in the neighborhood of a great university far removed from the city's commerce—to three great ideals of the race, and to be called the bridge of the sciences, of the arts, and of the religions. Along the higher strip of land, some distance back from either side of the canal, would stand statues of the



A VIEW ON THE MIDWAY.

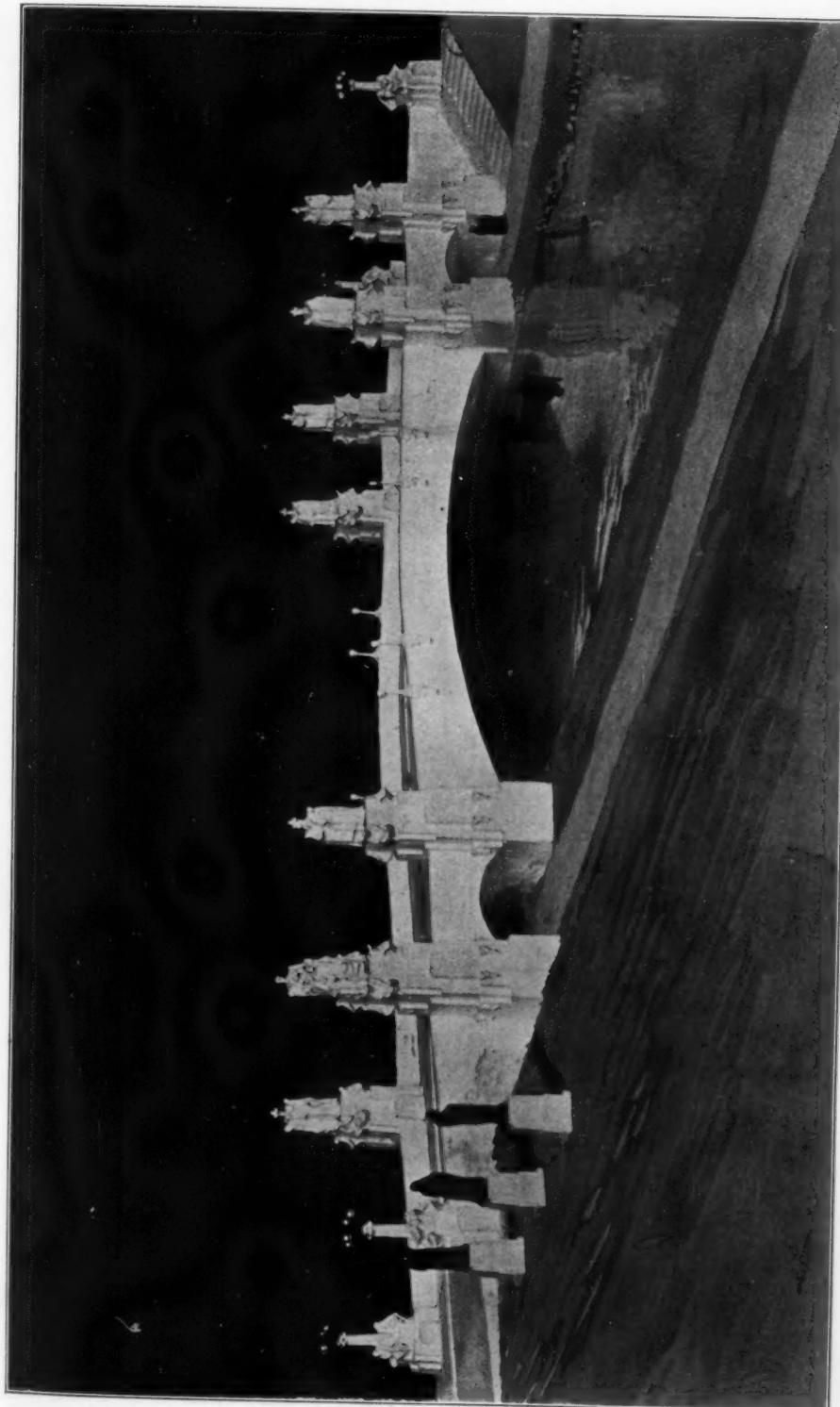
Taken last winter when Mr. Taft was testing the size and location of proposed statues by representative dummies. The figures were ten feet high and the pedestals eight feet.

these he has already erected studios running back from there one hundred feet, in which the modeling has thus far been done. The work has already attracted and received very important mention in the Chicago newspapers. Of the descriptions that have appeared, one by Harriet Monroe, in the Chicago Tribune, is so complete, and withal so interestingly told, that the writer does not feel that he can do the subject greater justice. He therefore feels impelled to make the following quotations:

"Mr. Taft's plan presupposes this

world's greatest idealists, ranged at half block intervals and treated monotonously as architectural notes, connecting the bridges with the fountains and uniting the various features of the decorative scheme.

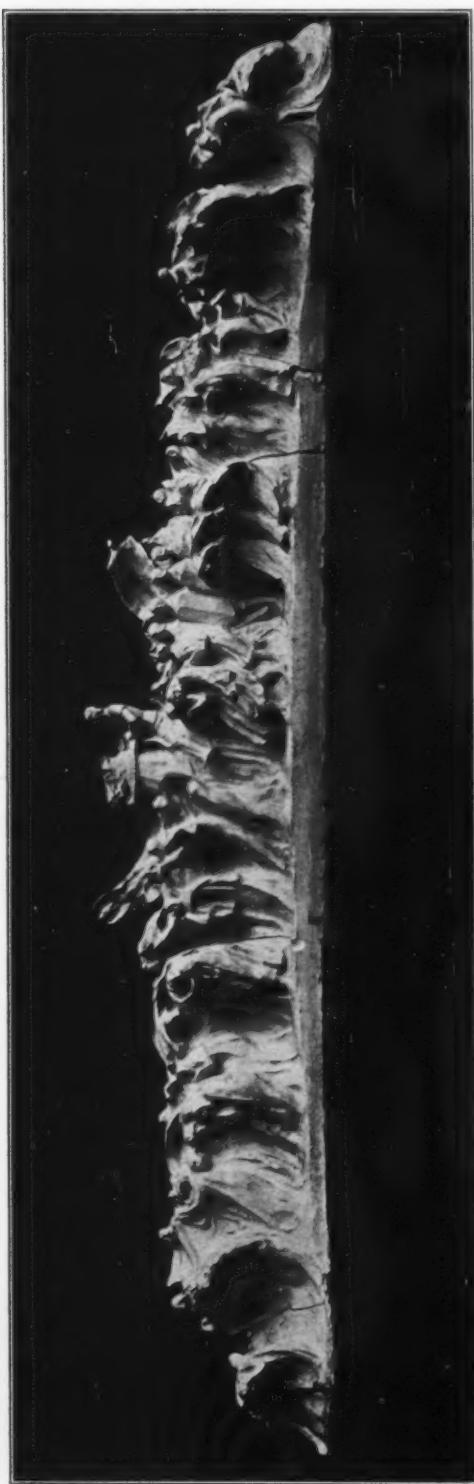
"The Fountain of Deucalion would face westward, discharging its water into the canal at a point west of the Illinois Central viaduct, and the Fountain of Time would face eastward, spanning the canal with its processional arc, a short distance east of Cottage Grove Avenue. Thus the two fountains would be the



Midway Plaisance, Chicago, Ill.

MODEL OF THE BRIDGE OF ARTS AT WOODLAWN AVENUE.

Lorado Taft, Sculptor.
Pond & Pond, Architects.



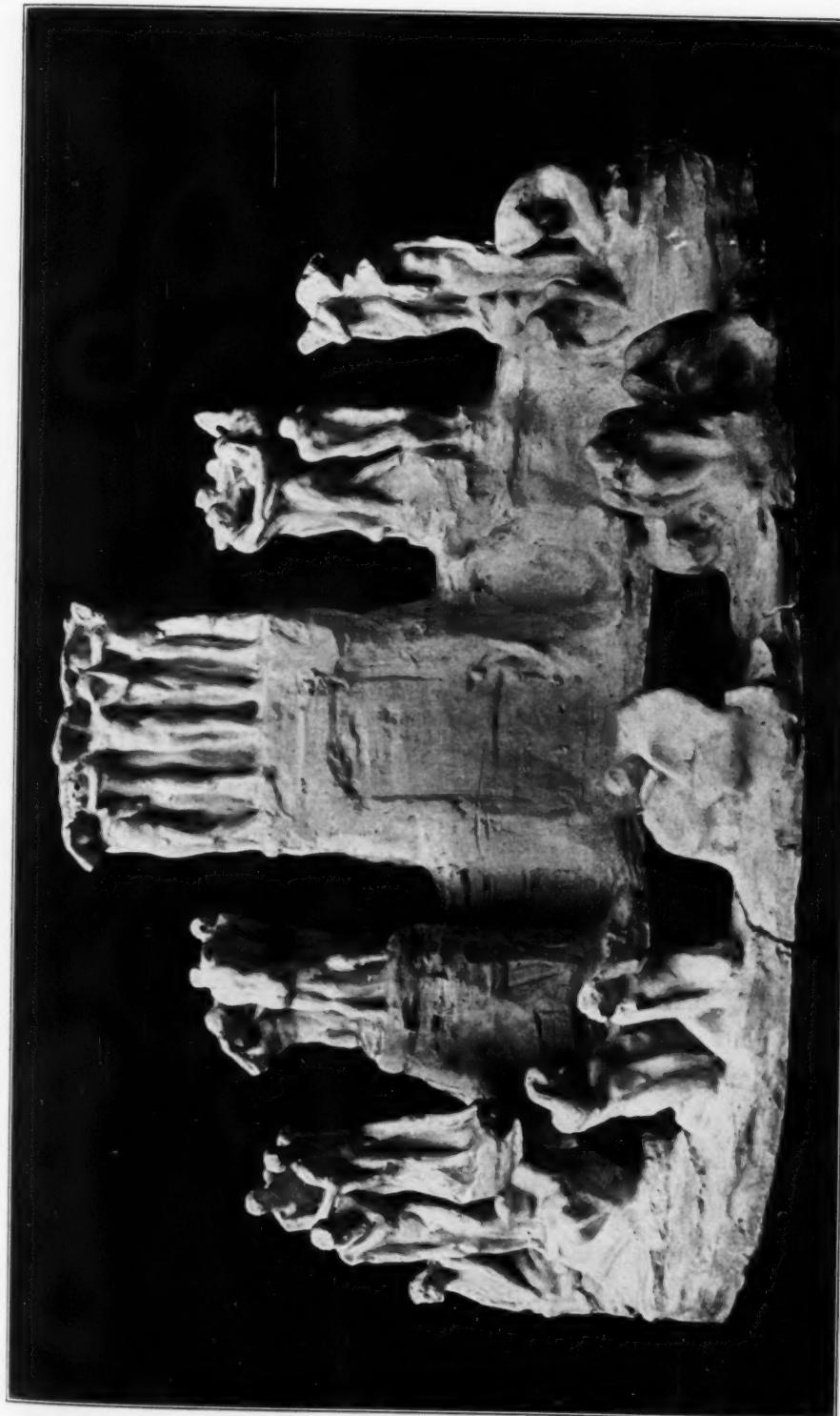
FRONT VIEW—FOUNTAIN OF TIME.



REVERSE VIEW—FOUNTAIN OF TIME.

Model by Lorenzo Taft, Sculptor.

See illustration, page 333.



FOUNTAIN OF CREATION.

Midway Plaisance, Chicago, Ill.

Model by Lorado Taft, Sculptor.



From the Fountain of Time—Father Time.
Model three feet high. He stands in front of
the main group.

Lorado Taft, Sculptor.

central features of the sculpturesque decoration, rounding out the two ends of the straight mile long waterway, near its points of junction with the lagoons. They would be executed in a Georgia marble of close grain and extreme hardness.

"The sketches for the fountains show a scheme, colossal in its proportions founded on ideals of elemental grandeur and yet profoundly modern in their sig-

nificance. One takes for its subject the origin of the race, the other the life of the race—humanity's spectacular passage from birth to death.

"The former makes use of the old classic myth of Deucalion, the Noah of Greek legend—a myth so sculpturesque in quality that one wonders why it has not been used before. Deucalion and his wife, Pyrrha, being the only mortals saved by Zeus after the nine days' flood, stepped out from their frail boat to the top of Mount Parnassus, and consulted a convenient oracle as to the best way of restoring the human race. The goddess told them to cover their heads and throw the bones of their mother behind them, and Pyrrha at once divined that these bones were the stones of mother earth.

"Mr. Taft shows us the moment when these stones, thus cast from the Titan's hand, are changing into men and women, rising out of the clod and flood and fog into life and light. The composition begins with creatures half formed, vague, prostrate, blindly emerging from the shapeless rock; continues, at a higher level of the mountain crest, with figures fully developed and almost erect, but still groping in darkness, struggling, wondering; and reaches its climax with a group at the summit, of beings complete and glorious, saluting the dawn.

"Even the sketch convinces one of the grandeur of the theme, suggesting the power and beauty of primitive life at the first moment of creation. There is never a trivial gesture in the heroic striving of these thirty-three children of the earth; through them is offered a noble salutation to the mystery of life.

"The fountain of Time shows the human procession passing in review before the great immovable figure of Time. A warrior on horseback, flanked by banners and dancing figures, forms the center of the composition, which fades off at the ends into creeping infancy or the bent and withered figures of age. There is a suggestion of joyous onward movement in this procession, and of the splendor and pageantry which life has achieved since that first day of creation which the other fountain celebrates.

"Since there is a sculptor in Chicago big enough for such heroic dreams as

these, there must be millionaires and committees and park boards discerning and munificent enough to make the dreams realities. The income from the Ferguson bequest would go a long way toward accomplishing it."

It is not easy to realize the exact extent of Mr. Taft's scheme. The ground to be covered is seven-eighths of a mile in length and six hundred feet in width, from Cottage Grove Avenue to the railroad embankment. The Fountain of Creation, with its back to this embankment, will be about fifty feet in width and its effect may be enhanced by supporting groups at short distances on both sides, and be carried off through culverts sufficiently large for small boats, to the circular basin on the other side of the embankment, which will be connected with the Jackson Park lagoons through a bridge to be erected on Stoney Island Avenue. At the west end of the canal the Statue of Father Time will stand in the water with low swirling fountain around the rock on which he stands. He is reviewing the procession of humanity, passing in a slight curve before him. This will stand in still water. Behind it will be the bridge of Cottage Grove Avenue, from which the back of the group will be seen, for it shows another mass of humanity on the other side, the whole length being eighty feet.

Opposite the park side of the Cottage Grove Avenue bridge will be a fall of water, about eight feet in height, trickling over rocks. This will take only as much water as will be necessary to furnish an outlet for the Washington Park lagoons, which is now carried off through the sewers. It will be a torrent after heavy rains, and will supply a current in the canal.

The location of the bronze statues, which will be in four rows, has not yet been definitely fixed. Already experiments have been and are still being made with cheaply constructed dummies on wooden pedestals to determine their best locations. One of the illustrations shows one of these experiments. Mr. Taft has thought out the scheme so carefully that he has prepared a tentative list of the persons to be represented in

this grove of the great men of all time. This shows that he is a historian and a scholar as well as a sculptor. Here is one of the lists; but he is open to suggestions, and already controversial articles concerning them have appeared in the newspapers. He is not desirous to be dictatorial, and before any of the statues are executed there will probably be formed a council of reference, which will be the final authority in making the selections.



Group from Fountain of Creation.
Lorado Taft, Sculptor.



Fragment from the Lower Order of the Fountain of Creation.

Midway Plaisance, Chicago, Ill.

Model by Lorado Taft, Sculptor.

Moreover, he has no expectation of modeling any great number of them. He only assumes to dictate their size, material, positions and the kind of pedestals to be used. He is looking forward to this part of the work for the encouragement of other worthy sculptors. The establishment of this so-called Hall of Fame at Chicago will go far to prevent the placing of miscellaneous portrait statues which enthusiastic devotees of favorite heroes are constantly offering to our public parks, and which have already, in many places, demonstrated the incongruity of their locations. A place will thus be provided where they can conform to a well considered and care-

fully planned scheme in which harmony will prevail over discord.

This proposed list shows the depth of his study and the trend of his admiration.

Moses	Goethe
Confucius	Sophocles
Zoroaster	Euripides
Buddha	Aeschylus
Jesus, the Christ	Aristophanes
Mohammed	Shakespeare
St. Paul	Moliere
Luther	Corneille
David	Racine
Homer	Hawthorne



Fragment from the Lower Order of the Fountain of Creation.

Midway Plaisance, Chicago, Ill.

Model by Lorado Taft, Sculptor.



Fragment from the Lower Order of the Fountain of Creation.

Midway Plaisance, Chicago, Ill.

Model by Lorado Taft, Sculptor.

Pindar	Heroditus
Virgil	Thucydides
Dante	Tacitus
Petrarch	Demosthenes
Chaucer	Cicero
Milton	Socrates
Schiller	Plato
Lessing	Aristotle
Boccacio	Descartes
Cervantes	Spinoza
Rabelais	Kant
Voltaire	Archimedes
Rousseau	Euclid
Balzac	Copernicus
Turgenieff	Galileo

Tolstoi	Columbus
Scott	Newton
Emerson	Darwin
Whitman	Victor Hugo

No military heroes are mentioned, and artists are reserved for the Bridge of Arts.

The various divisions of this great symposium can be executed simultaneously. Each division is composed of many parts, and each will proceed as fast as the financial means are provided to carry it forward. But Mr. Taft is not waiting for contributions. He is proceeding with his part of the work as rapidly as his own occupations will permit. It will take many years for execution, and may not be completed within his lifetime. He is now fifty years of age, of splendid physique and full of energy. He bids fair to yet live many years and has absolute faith that he will have all the help that is needed. He has



Fragment from the Second Order of the Fountain of Creation.
Modeled full size by Lorado Taft, Sculptor.



Fragment from the Third Order of the Fountain of Creation.
Modeled full size by Lorado Taft, Sculptor.

trained many enthusiastic and ardent workers, who are already assisting him. If he should not live to see the fulfillment of his ambition, it is quite certain that he will be able to see it carried so far that ultimate failure will be impossible. He is not anxious to hurry any-

thing, but is open to judicious and friendly criticism.

The illustrations here given show how

much he has already done. They are taken from plaster casts, some to a small scale, others to a larger scale, and a few



For the Avenue of Statues—Phedias.
Midway Plaisance, Chicago, Ill.
By Frederick C. Hibbard.



For the Avenue of Statues—Moliere.
Midway Plaisance, Chicago, Ill.
By David Kratz.

are from full life-size casts. All, however, are as yet subject to modification and improvement.

It may be of interest to know Mr. Taft's sources of inspiration. That of the Fountain of Creation has been fully given above. We find the inspirations for the Fountain of Time in an address he delivered June 11, 1907, before the Alumni Association of the University of Illinois, of which he was a graduate, in the class of 1879. In this, he said, before he had put hand to clay:

"A vagrant line or two of Austin Dobson's, once made a great impression upon me. Says the poet:

'Time goes, you say? Ah, no:
Alas! time stays, we go!'

"The words brought before me a picture, which was speedily transformed by fancy into a colossal work of sculpture. I saw the mighty cray-like figure of Time, mantled like one of Sargent's prophets, leaning upon his staff, his chin upon his hands, and watching with cynical, inscrutable gaze, the endless march of humanity—a majestic relief of marble. I saw it, swinging in wide circle around the form of the lone sentinel, and made up of the shapes of hurrying men, women and children, in endless procession, ever impelled by the winds of destiny in the inexorable lock-step of the ages. Theirs the 'fateful forward movement' which has not ceased since time began. But in that crowded concourse, how few detach themselves from the greyness of the dusty caravan: how few there are who even lift their heads! Here an overtaxed body falls—and a place is vacant for a moment: then a strong man turns to the silent, shrouded reviewer, and with lifted arms, utters the cry of the oldtime gladiators: 'Hail,

Caesar! we who go to our death, salute thee,' and presses forward. And once in a while an illuminated mind catches some glimpse of the eternal sequence, or his own relation to the past, to the present and to the future. Such an one thinks with reverence and gratitude of those who have helped the common cause of the years gone by. He is considerate of those about him, not living for himself alone, and he yearns to send a message on down the shadowy years to those who are to follow. Such souls bind together the generations of men: they give solidity to the race. Such a man is the true citizen."

Nor could he any the less appeal to other great minds for inspiration. I found in his scrapbook a clipping from an article by Edwin Markham, in which was an answer to a query for the "one most justly celebrated passage in English prose literature." After referring to others, he quotes from Carlisle's "Sartor Resartus" these words:

"Like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious mankind thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown deep. Like a God-created, fire-breathing spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane: haste stormfully across the astonished earth; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are leveled, and her seas filled up in our passage: can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant, some footprint of us is stamped in: the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence? O! Heaven, whither? Sense knows not: faith knows not: only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God to God."



PARIS SCHOOL DAYS*

How the Student Lives and Works at the Ecole des Beaux Arts

II—The Atelier

GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

The two weeks or three weeks following a *loge* are weeks of tranquil repose. The Atelier is deserted, the comrades are scattered, each amusing himself as he wills. There are bicycle trips to Pierrefont and Chartres, or marvelously economical jaunts through the little Normandy towns, Senlis, Beauvais, Amiens; and, always, there is Touraine. The comrades meet in out-of-way corners, in Mere Poulardes kitchen at St. Michel, or the Cafe Rabelais under the walls of Blois, where they greet each other with loud cries.

"Ah! te voila! ignoble personage," shouts the comrade Pigeard spying his old friend Alaux sipping coffee in the corner, and they grasp hands and plunge at once into tales of their travels with critical appreciation of this or that chateau or cathedral. The school is forgotten but they are at school nevertheless, learning more than they dream of in the greatest Architectural book of the world.

What days of blessed relief are these for the concierge of the Atelier, for she can sit in quiet on the narrow sidewalk before the door peacefully watching the evolutions of Phillipe, the turtle, in his little glass bowl, while Dodor, the cat, suns himself luxuriously against the courtyard wall. There is safety for all. But when "Ces Messieurs" are here how different! Did they not gild Dodor's feet and make him very drunk upon brandy so that it was impossible to keep him in at night? And as for Phillipe, it is only two months: did they not take him bodily from his bowl and substitute for him a slightly larger turtle of exactly the same color, so that Mme. la Concierge called in

her neighbor Mme. la Poissoniere to say proudly "Regard Phillipe, how he grows like a tree?" And did not ces Messieurs repeat the operation at discreet intervals, substituting each time a larger turtle readily secured by the comrade Gouin from his father's restaurant, so that the court was filled daily with wide-eyed neighbors to see this marvelous Phillipe, who had grown in less than three weeks from no bigger than a piece of a hundred sous to the largeness of a soup plate? And then having grown to the limit of largeness for his race, did he not grow himself in the sense inverse, day by day, smaller and smaller so that the wonder grew and Phillipe acquired much honor, as the turtle who was returning toward his birthday? Ah! but it was peaceful now that these Messieurs were reposing themselves.

But not for long. Two or three weeks after the *loge*, the comrades straggle slowly back to the workshop. And it is good to see them again, thinks Mme. la Concierge—though she prudently moves Phillipe inside her little box of an apartment and gives the key a double turn when she goes to market. But they are so amiable, ces Messieurs!—and, now they are refreshed and browned by the sun, gay laughter drops down to the courtyard from the long room where idle legs are swinging and fluent tongues recounting extraordinary adventures of the recent holiday. It is a difficult and gradual process this getting back to work. There is so much to be said. Day by day, one by one the members of the Atelier return and each must exchange his ceremonious greetings with the others, take his place in the center of an attentive circle and give an account of himself—an account seasoned, you may be sure, with much salty comment. At times the

*NOTE.—This is the second of a series of three articles on this subject. The first appeared in the July issue. The final paper will treat of "The Charette."

attention of the audience is satirical, but always courteous. The comrade Pigeard, a natural orator, subdues all flippancy by the extravagance of his tirades, Mazet charms with his subtle and delicate descriptions; he has been only as far as Versailles, but it is a new Versailles he has seen, or rather the old, through two new and very keen eyes. Nathan's comments are brief, bitter and poignant, words to be treasured and literally writ upon the

produced, inspected and prodigiously admired. The massier delicately suggests that the Atelier would greatly appreciate a gift of one of these photographs to be kept in its archives, to which flattering proposal Honegger promptly accedes, only to find, on the day following, his presentment elaborately framed and prominently hung after having been subjected to every monstrous indignity possible to clever draughtsmen. Hat, gun,



"AH! TE VIOLA! IGNOBLE PERSONAGE."

wall, according to old and excellent custom—

"On this day, September 12, the comrade Nathan has said, 'Architecture! it is the art of copying bestially all that there is of the most beautiful in Antiquity.'"

And the comrade Honegger, the German-Swiss of superb conceit, he too has a quiet and enraptured audience as he warms to the description of his prominent part in the summer manoeuvres of the citizen soldiery in his native canton. It has been a stirring experience—culminating in a photograph taken "en chasseur," gun in hand; the picture is naively

distant mountains—all are metamorphosed into something new and strange; only the face remains palpably and unmistakably his. How can he ever raise his voice again with that effigy staring above him! Thus lessons other than architecture are learned.

But little by little the tide of energy sets towards sober work. The places at the long tables are filled more promptly—a late arrival is received with half serious rebukes and the young American who has probably been revelling in the thought of a free and easy schedule finds himself hurrying through twisted by-ways

toward the Atelier, still munching a half consumed breakfast "croissant." Something other than necessity is pulling him along and the experience is rather thrilling. If he is a new man, he has his "service" to do—one day a week when he is at the beck and call of his older associates. Between times he works on his own projets or niggers for a comrade who needs a helping hand. The school program is arranged so that first and second class projets are completed in alternate months and students of the two classes are free to help one another—an opportunity which is seized with truly splendid avidity. This is another of the specific traits of Atelier activity which cannot fail to awaken enthusiasm. The Anglo-Saxon is a curious combination of self-reliance and supersensitiveness. He works doggedly, industriously, blunderingly, sheepishly, inclined to hide his youthful efforts from an overcurious eye.

But his French comrade will have none of this. A man's work is but a part of the Atelier's work, and it is the interest of all that prompts some bearded veteran to slide gracefully into the novice's place, quickly covering the drawing with a scrap of tracing paper while his practised hands fly over the surface, indicating with telling precision faults which seem to leap under his touch.

"Mais, mon cher ami!" he will exclaim good humoredly, "your columns are absurd. Look at the entasis. They are like countrymen's umbrellas!" And in truth they are.

It is these illuminating flashes of criticism from one pupil to another which constitute nine-tenths of the teaching strength of this great school. Without the strong inner spirit of co-operation with which, with all their joking and surface gayety, these young latins infuse the Atelier life, the results would be as nothing. This is the bond and confine which holds the active individuals together, the cement which makes solid concrete out of minute particles. It is easily conceivable that the actual character of this mental composition may assume in rapid succession various and violent hues. The students are as a rule young, thirty being the age limit, beyond which they may not receive a diploma; and under

the lead of a strong individual, they will rush into strange regions of design and oftentimes bow down before false gods. For two months it will be Delafosse and the "belle époque" of Louis XVI. Then there is a sudden reversion to the Roman sternness of Piranesi. Terrific architecture is evolved from his prison plates and as for Delafosse—faugh!—away with his gim-cracks and bibelots. But Piranesi passes too; the pendulum swings back to the moderns and the sketches of a brilliant German—Otto Reith, are thumbed and worn. Il ny a que ça! Gigantic women struggle under huge blocks of stone, tremendous arches span half a city, while man ant-like crawls below. Or it may be the trick of some clever draughtsman which sets the little world by its ears. Jack Pope's clouds composed entirely of telegraph wires, Brown's soft line drawn with a wooden pen, Chester Aldrich's use of smalt or Dujarrie's luminous combination of ink and charcoal! Who is it now, I wonder?

It might readily be asked whether this mad kaleidoscope is whirling, and where is its control. The answer is found in that remaining tenth of the teaching force, the Patrons who compose the Jury. For though it can be almost positively stated that their actual teaching is relatively small, their corrective power is absolute. The whims of popular taste may veer and shift as they will but they must in the end come to the judgment seat and the judges there presiding are wise and discerning. So Alaux, who has drawn a "bonne femme" forty feet high on top of his city hall, misses his mention and ponders sadly. "Perhaps she was not high enough," he says with a wry smile.

These admirable men, the Patrons, serve unselfishly and loyally with little or no remuneration. From their pupils they receive nothing; whether or not they are salaried by the government is a dark mystery, into which the average pupil does not delve. Their ultimate reward seems to be in government commissions for public buildings and outside work picked up in the regular way. But no success or lack of it can shake the devotion which is returned with deep respect and affection by its recipients. Twice or thrice a week at a fixed hour, the Patron

visits his pupils and his visits are simple and impressive. The bedlam of work stills on the instant of his approach, balls of paper drop silently into baskets, rampant T-squares slip softly under cover. He stands for a moment on the threshold

rings which swing near the door; hangs it on the sacred peg and turns to the round of criticism. It is short, two minutes, perhaps, before each board, the Atelier following in a herd, craning necks to catch the words of wisdom, a parting



"REGARD PHILLIPPE, HOW HE GROWS LIKE A TREE."

—a tactful pause to enable some belated comrade to climb down from the water-cooler where he has been intent upon baptizing a "nouveau." "Bon jour, Messieurs," he says smilingly and the room hisses softly in response. He lifts his hat, invariably hitting it on the flying

word of general advice on the problem at hand and he is gone. Hardly a lecture, one would say. Not much like a course in the history of architecture. But he has managed to convey one or two main points; the rest must be wrought out by the individuals, literally by vigil

and fasting and there is no other way. He is supremely indifferent. Let the shirker shirk and the worker work. There is no short cut, but there is always the Judgment.

The very regularity of the Patron's visits and the shortness of their duration coupled with the tremendous respect in which he is held, offer frequent opportunities for traps which, needless to say,

the Patron, any substitute will do providing he is sufficiently bearded and dignified. Of course, an elaborate dialogue ensues, the nouveau is closely questioned upon intimate phases of his experience, all with portentous gravity and a mimic art which leaves one gasping with admiration. The nouveau is left slightly bewildered and with the parting injunction that the following day being his wife's birth-



"BON JOUR, MESSIEURS."

are duly set and baited. The false patron, one of the older comrades in disguise, suggests a whole gamut of variations which are constantly increasing. Oftimes a new member has presented himself for enrollment on a day between two of the master's visits. He is promptly informed that the Patron is coming and is carefully instructed in the etiquette of address and deportment: the scene is ready. In this case no disguises are necessary. The nouveau never having seen

day, he, the Patron, would greatly appreciate a basket of flowers. When, at the next regular visit, the true Patron, the nouveau and the basket of flowers are brought into astonished conjunction, the little play is over.

Thus also have the uninitiated been instructed that it is customary to use the familiar "thee" and "thou" when addressing the master and to tip him a golden louis after one's first criticism—neither of which proceedings is at all according

to precedent. Perhaps the most subtle episode in the series took place at one of the drawing Ateliers where the students on certain days practise free-hand drawing from casts. A conceited southerner of considerable ability had prepared a drawing which he was openly admiring. This was too much. At this juncture the massier of the Atelier arrived with the important and secret information that the Patron would be unable to come for his criticism, as he had been requested by the Minister of Public Works to act in a City Jury. Having divulged this item to several of the older comrades, it was at once seen that the opportunity for humbling the arrogant artist was at hand. An hour later the Patron apparently made his appearance. The semblance was so perfect that detection was impossible, except by the most ancient of ancients. The Toulousan waited impatiently for what he thought would be a most laudatory lecture on the fine points of his drawing. But the Patron thought otherwise.

"Ah! What is this?" he exclaimed, pulling his beard as the Patron always did; then adding reflectingly, "A young one, I see . . . my friend, your detail is too studied. You must see rather the

movement of the whole mass, the sentiment, the . . . tenez!"—he seized a thick stick of charcoal and slashed three vigorous strokes down the middle of the precious page—"ca, et ca, et ca, voyez vous? Not so much half-tone and quarter-tone. It would be well, for Wednesday, to show me fifty of these simple curves—the rest will come." And until Wednesday he worked savagely, morosely, goaded by the jeers of his fellows spoiling masses of white paper with idiotic snakes of an inky blackness only to be received by the true Patron with an indignant "What's this! If you can not work seriously here, my friend, you must work elsewhere."

Thus between master and students in their genial, free-and-easy, yet firmly constructed relation, the young American learns many lessons; what to do and what to avoid; what to say and what not to say, and as the weeks slip by and the day of the rendu draws near, he has grown to feel himself a part of the big machine, that astonishing machine, which, with the extraordinary looseness of its parts, runs so smoothly and with such power that it is an influence which is felt around the world.





GARDEN DETAIL—CLEMENT S. HOUGHTON, ESQ.

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Chapman & Frazer, Architects.

FOUR HOUSES BY CHAPMAN & FRAZER

The four houses illustrated herewith are all situated in Massachusetts, in the immediate vicinity of Boston. They are the work of Messrs. Chapman & Frazer, who have made themselves deservedly popular by their achievements in the semi-suburban class of residence.

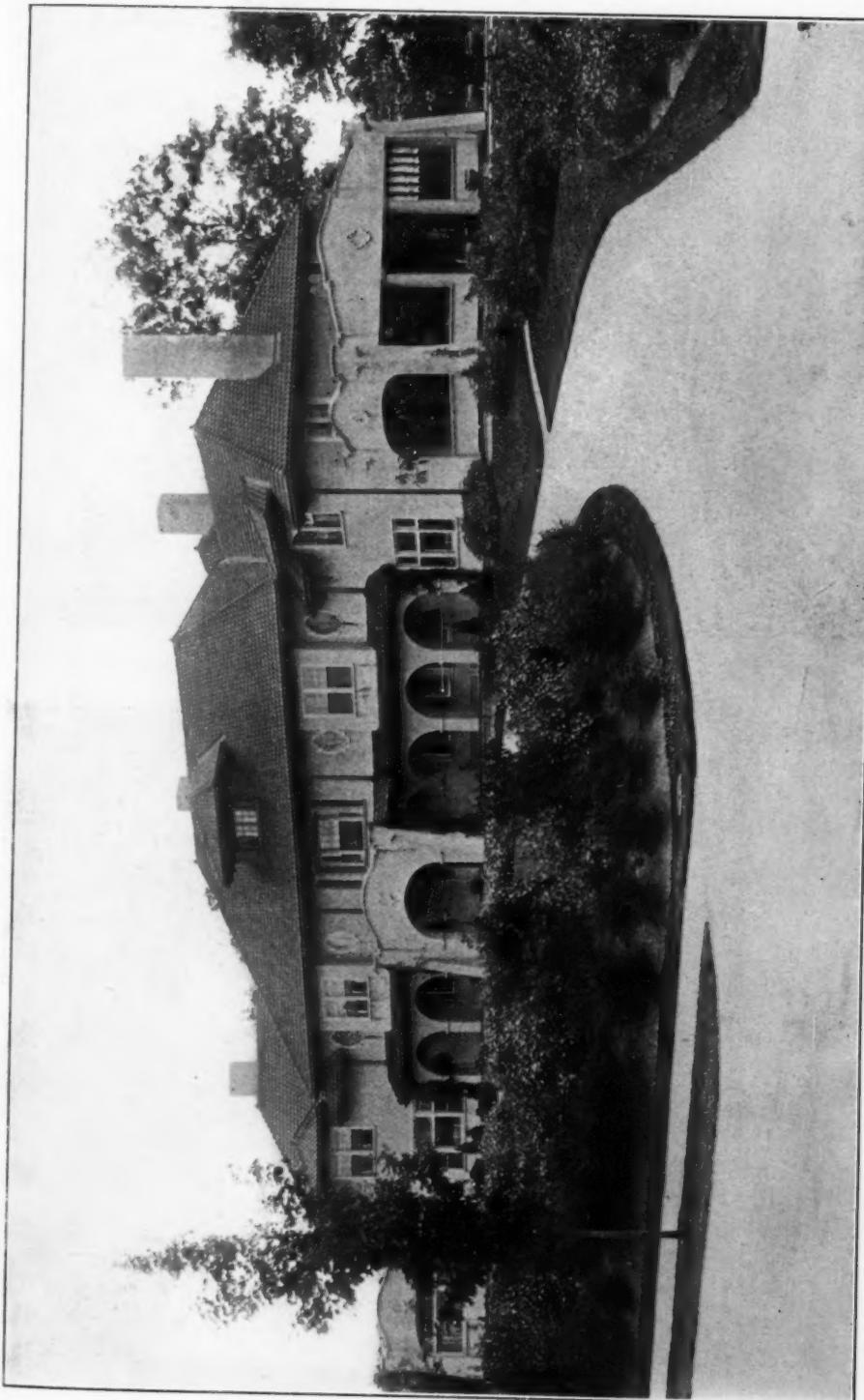
These houses serve excellently to show the versatility of these architects in handling problems in design where the requirements of plan have been more or less similar.

The Oliver Story residence is inspired by English tradition—more conventionally English, perhaps, than England would provide; and has been worked out so as to lose none of the feeling in its adaptation to Americanized use. It suggests the greater ease and felicity with which the modern architect handles the current architectural style. It shows an

understanding between the style and the designer, an understanding that is successful in expressing itself in the finished building. The architect has done his part well, and nature has added the necessary requisites, such as vines and shrubbery, so peculiarly needed for the confirmation of the proper effects.

In direct contrast to this design is the residence of Clement S. Houghton, Esq., a very good example of the Spanish Mission style set down in northeastern surroundings. That there is no real excuse for this style in the East, either historical or economic, is a fact which has deterred many of our architects from attempting this sort of design. However, given the problem, we are glad to see it is so well handled.

The house of Mr. Harry Hartley, at Brookline, has the picturesque charm



FRONT ELEVATION—RESIDENCE OF CLEMENT S. HOUGHTON, ESQ.

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Chapman & Frazer, Architects.



Piazza Detail.



Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Stable, Garage and Coachman's Cottage.
THE RESIDENCE OF CLEMENT S. HOUGHTON, ESQ.

Chapman & Frazer, Architects.



Hall.

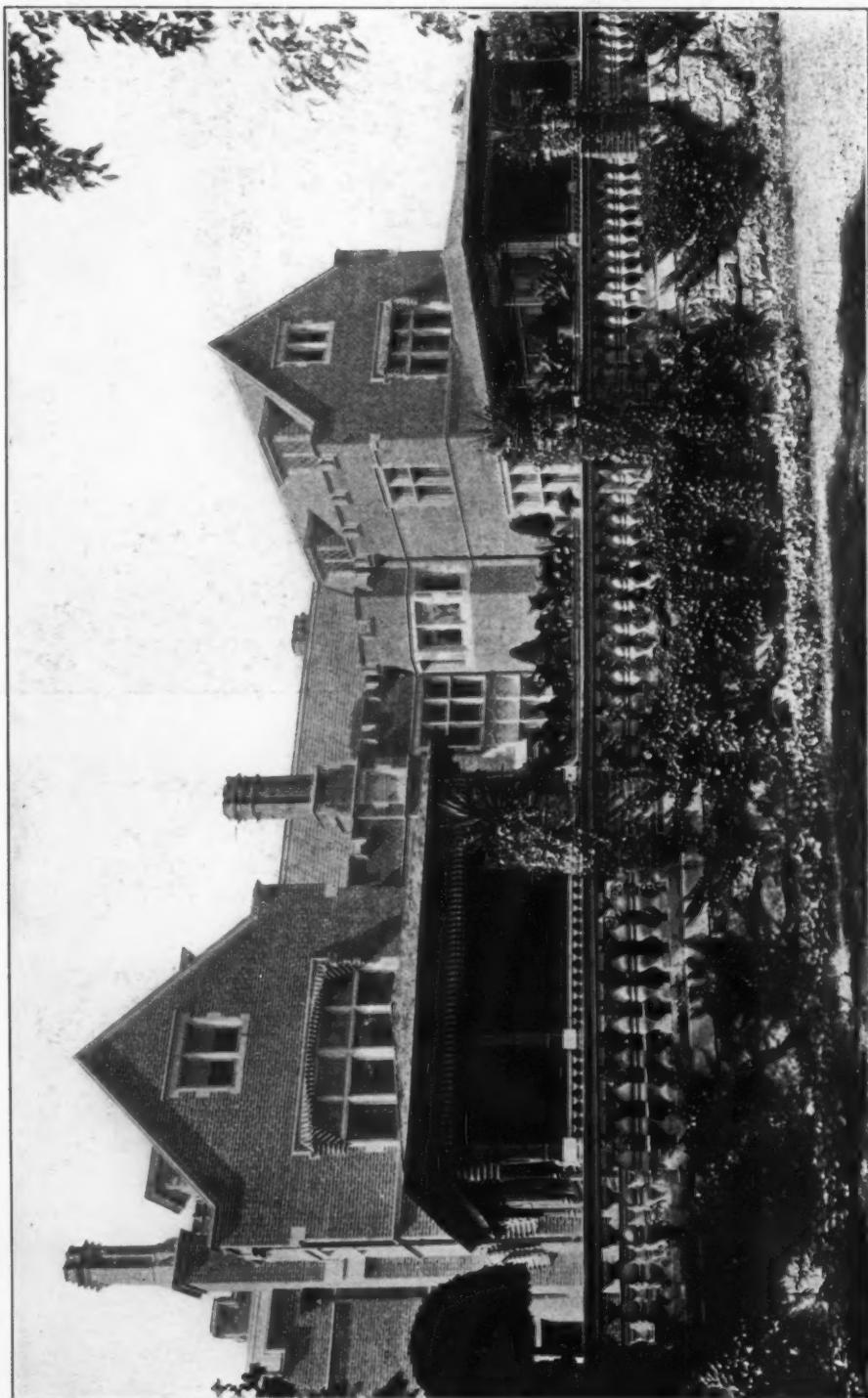


Dining Room.

THE RESIDENCE OF CLEMENT S. HOUGHTON, ESQ.

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

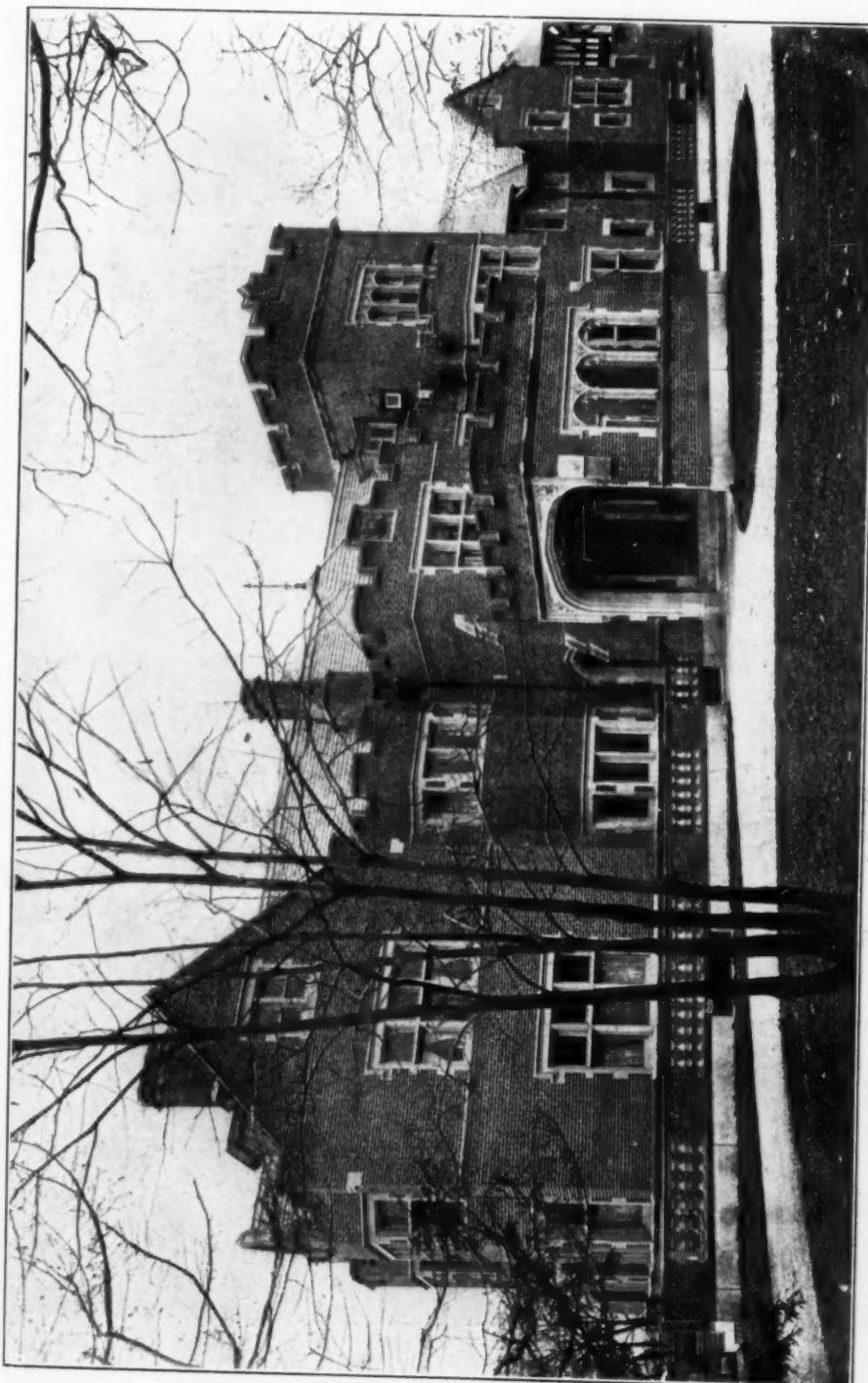
Chapman & Frazer, Architects.



TERRACE ELEVATION—RESIDENCE OF OLIVER STORY, ESQ.

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Chapman & Frazer, Architects.



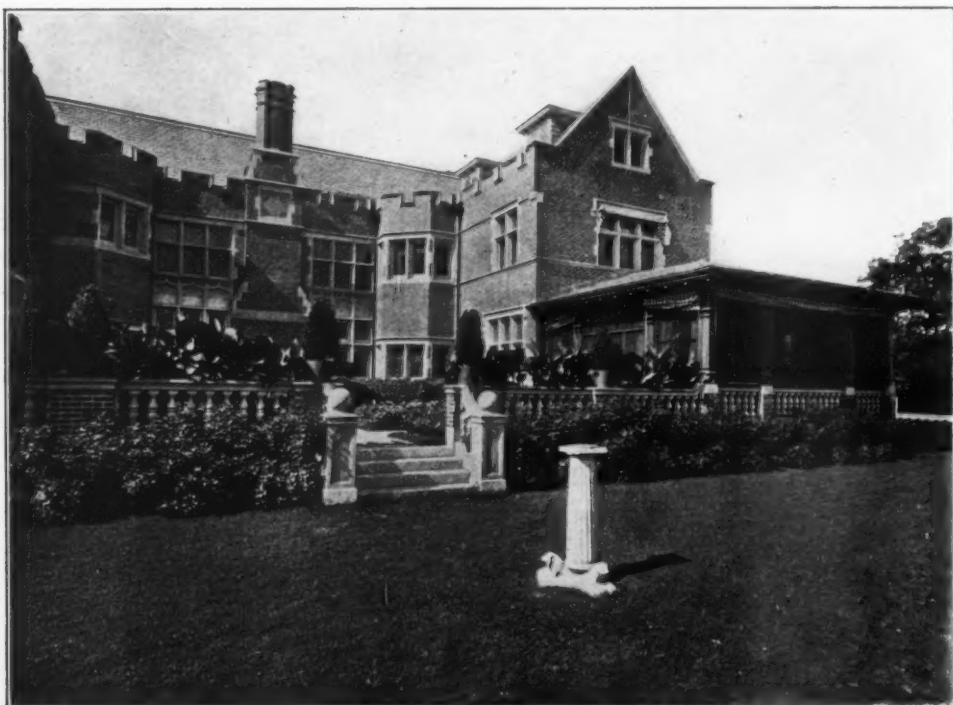
FRONT ELEVATION—RESIDENCE OF OLIVER STORY, ESQ.

Chapman & Frazer, Architects.

Chestnut Hill, Mass.



Stable.



View from Terrace.

RESIDENCE OF OLIVER STORY, ESQ.

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Chapman & Frazer, Architects



RESIDENCE OF RANDOLPH F. TUCKER, ESQ.

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

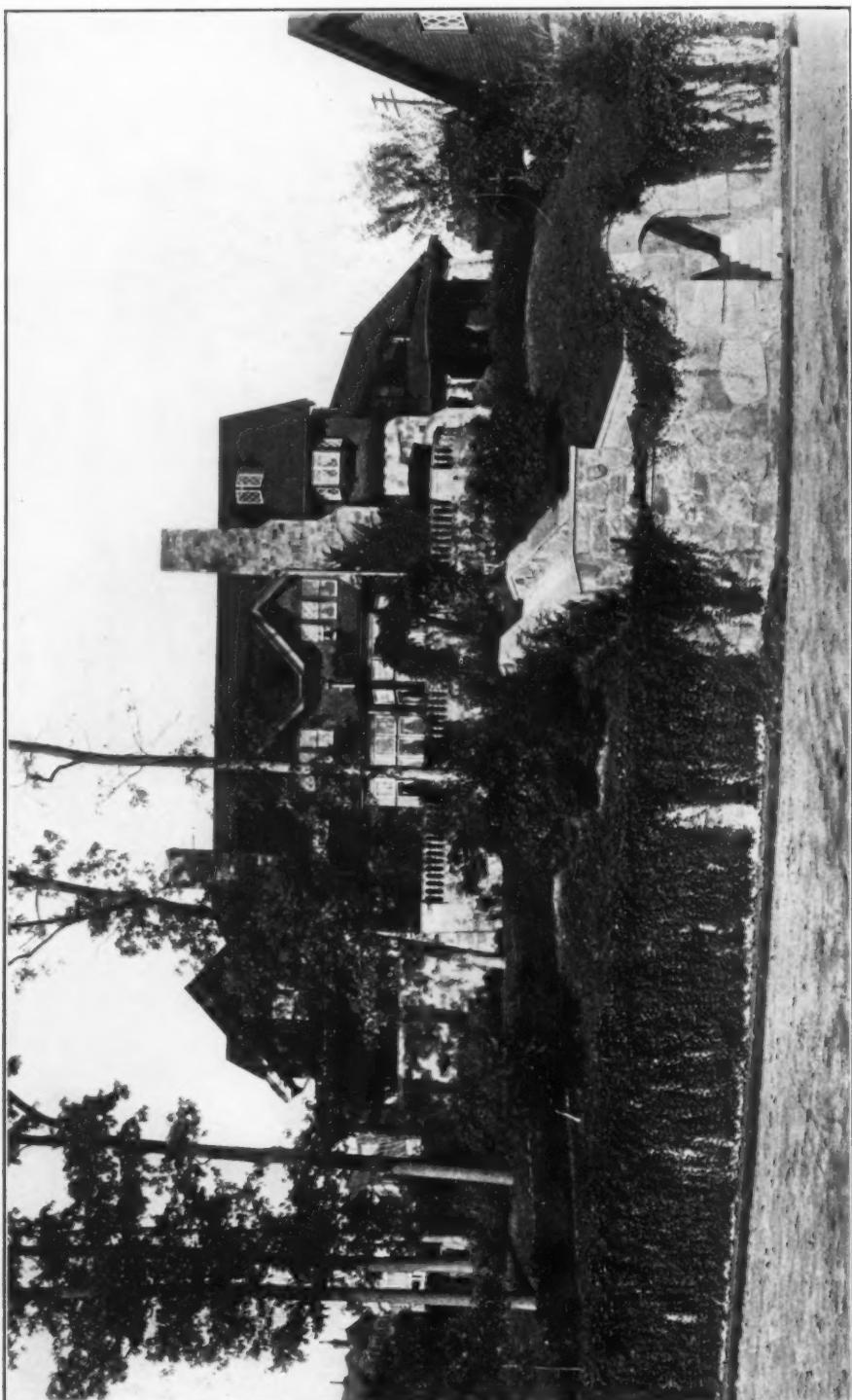
Chapman & Frazer, Architects.

and proper setting so characteristic of most of Chapman & Frazer's houses. It may be classed as an example of the personal style of the architects.

The homeliness of aspect and general interest in the composition of Mr. Randolph F. Tucker's house must be remarked. The placing of the house on the site is very fortunate, giving, as it does, the effect of lowness for the residence, and, at the same time, affording

an opportunity to plant a very charming front garden below the level of the highway.

The architects have been almost equally successful in the working out of these very different types of design. The buildings show the individual style and method of design of Messrs. Chapman & Frazer, which, nevertheless, bear a sympathetic relation to the established historical domestic styles.



RESIDENCE OF HARRY HARTLEY, ESQ.

Brookline, Mass.

Chapman & Frazer, Architects.

THE EVOLUTION OF ARCHITECTURAL ORNAMENT

VII.

Ornament With a Human and Animal Basis. The Gothic School

G. A. T. MIDDLETON, A. R. I. B. A.

The Gothic school of animal carving came into existence long before the introduction of the pointed arch to architecture. The sequence is, in fact, unbroken from the time of the Romanesque buildings of Byzantine type in the south of France onwards. In the earlier centuries there seems to have been no attempt at sculpture as an independent art; the animal representations were architectural enrichments in their proper sense, and nothing more, except that they were also generally intended to convey a meaning. There were frequently symbolical or scriptural scenes, but not invariably so; the difficulty of classification is extreme, and the origin often exceedingly obscure. This, however, may be said with certainty, that the earlier examples so far partook of Byzantine character as to be not so much true carvings as surface work, with a background cut down, leaving the face of the stone to form the face of the carving as in all other Byzantine ornament. This has already been exemplified in the capital from the west front of Notre Dame at Poitiers, illustrated in Fig. 20, where the general outline of the capital is retained, although the carving is that of a grotesque bird. The same sort of thing is frequently found in England. One of the earlier examples is illustrated in Fig. 150, which shows a capital from the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, carved about 1080 A. D. The capital is of the usual Norman cushion form, and the carving on it is grotesque and crude and difficult to decipher. The fact that the background is incised suggests a Byzantine origin, at any rate, for the craftsmanship; but otherwise little can be said. It is impossible, in fact, to tell what the

actual origin was of this particular type of work, though, as has already been said, there exists a considerable amount of it both in France and England. It is also noticeable that the type does not vary greatly over a very large geographical area. In spite of architectural differences, the work at Canterbury might almost as well have been executed in mid-France, at any rate, as far south as Poitiers. Sometimes it is more crude, at other times its more highly finished. A crude example is that from the Church of St. Etienne, Beauvais (Fig. 151), of a range of corbels to the eaves, which in some instances act as cushion capitals to buttress shafts, converted into grotesque human heads by the simplest of rough craftsmanship. The sketch was made before the restoration was commenced which is now proceeding, and in course of which a large number of similar corbels are being carved so precisely like the old ones in motive and in craftsmanship that in a few years' time it will be impossible to detect which are old and which are new.

Fig. 152, which illustrates the south doorway of Barfreston Church in the County of Kent, shows how this flatly-treated animal carving was frequently employed over a considerable surface. It was used in this example, and in many others in England and the nearer parts of France to enrich the main entrance to the church, but further south similar carving was often carried over the whole front. It will be noticed that not only are the capitals enriched in a manner generally similar to that employed in Fig. 150, but that the various arch rings are also carved with figures in the same way (but more finished technically) by incis-

ing the background below the flat or rounded surface as the case may be; while the tympanum is again carved in the same style, the central figure alone being more prominent and partaking more nearly of true sculpture. Tympana such as this are found very largely in English Norman churches. The only piece of projecting carving upon the doorway is the keystone of the outer moulding ring beneath the flat ring

muzzled dog will be seen; a larger illustration of one from another part of the same building is shown in Fig. 153.



Fig. 150. The Crypt (1080 A. D.),
Canterbury Cathedral.

which is enriched with the signs of the zodiac, but higher up in the same building, acting as a corbel-table, a series of carved heads will be noticed, one or two of which are human (either natural or grotesque), while others are the figures of animals; thus bringing into notice one of the characteristics of all Gothic ornament, that of a playful fancy based upon natural objects with which the carver was familiar. Amongst other heads the



Fig. 151. Buttress Terminal,
St. Etienne, Beauvais.

where it serves as the stop to a hood moulding, and almost identical dogs' heads are to be found in work of the

same date in Northern France, as, for example, in the Templar's Church at Laon.

In the later work of the Norman period true carving more completely took the place of that which retained the surface of the stone; at the same time the animal representations became more varied and in some instances more grotesque.

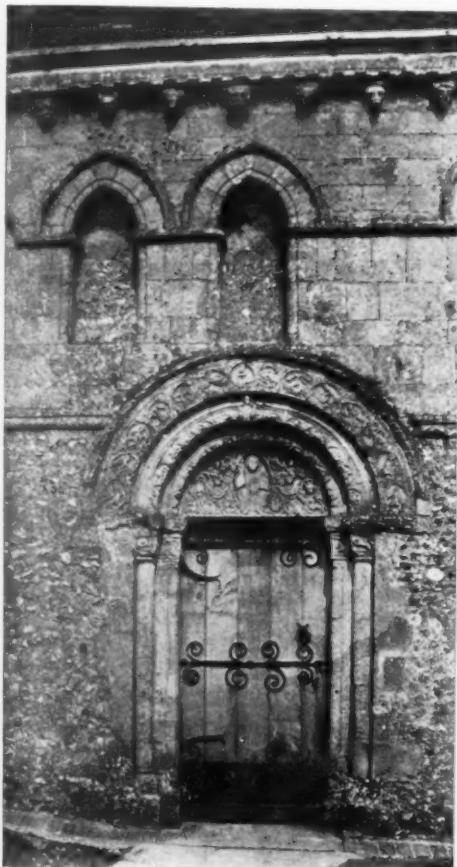


Fig. 152. South Doorway, Barfreston Church.

There is, for instance, a good deal of Scandinavian suggestion about the doorway from Kilpeck Church in Herefordshire (Fig. 154), which is a well known example of the richest Norman carving. It occurs sufficiently far in the west of England for Irish influence to have been at work. There is indeed a good deal about the grotesque heads, which form the label stop and the capi-



Fig. 153. Grotesque Label Stop, Barfreston Church, Kent.



Fig. 154. Doorway, Kilpeck Church, Herefordshire.
(From a cast at the Crystal Palace.)



Fig. 155. Spandrel in North Transept, Westminster Abbey.

tal, which suggests the Irish illuminated manuscripts, and we may go as far as to say that in Herefordshire, which is distant from that part of England which most completely felt the effect of the Norman Invasion, there was retained a considerable amount of native feeling which would naturally be to a large extent Celtic (as from the Welsh and Irish), and Scandinavian, as from the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of the English counties. The arch is enriched by a series of such heads in addition to the grotesque which occur where the fox's head is seen, no two being entirely alike. These again illustrate what has just been said about the carvers having gone to nature for their inspiration in many instances, while in others they allowed their fancy and their belief in the marvelous to dominate their carving.

When the architecture of the pointed superseded that of the semicircular arch, foliage carving came into greater and animal carving fell into less prominence than hitherto, particularly in England. The Byzantine type of incised background disappeared entirely, and from this time forward the carving was true carving and in many instances might rank as sculpture. Like the foliage, it was generally of a natural type; it was natural in spirit even where the animals represented were of a purely imaginary character. In England, almost all the

best which represented the human figure were mutilated at the time of the great Civil War, though enough remains to indicate the general type of work, as can be seen in the slight sketch of one of the spandrels in Westminster Abbey, given as Fig. 155, which shows a female figure and a dragon in the spandrel and also a human head acting as a stop to the hood moulding, all now considerably decayed. The archaic or crude character of the earlier carving has given place to the actual representation of the human figure and face, in correct contour and with a fine appreciation of line, animals being introduced not so much perhaps as pure architectural ornament but as an incident in the tale which was to be told by the spandrel; for in most instances such groups as this have a more or less discernible meaning. That the animal figure was, however, used occasionally as ornament alone is clearly shown by Fig. 156, which illustrates one of the capitals in the Chapter House at Lincoln Cathedral. The head in this instance, half human, half canine, serves exactly the same purpose as one of the lobes of foliage; it was evidently just a freak upon the part of the carver to turn



Fig. 157. Buttress Terminal, Amiens Cathedral.

his piece of stone into a head instead of a group of leaves.

Fig. 157 is a French example of grotesque animal carving, showing two strange gargoyle-like figures on one of the buttress terminals of Amiens Cathedral. They

These occur in the spandrels of the small arcade in the jamb of the west doorway of Notre Dame at Paris, and even in the smaller panels besides the door itself. Each animal in this case is, however, much more recognizable, and in one in-



FIG. 156. A CAPITAL IN CHAPTER HOUSE, LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

are full of spirit but hideously ugly, contrasting greatly with the sculpture figure of the Bishop on his pedestal above, rendered as a pure piece of statuary. Another series of French grotesques of the 13th century is illustrated in Fig. 158.

stance is replaced by a human figure in an extremely natural attitude, grasping an axe. This little example is, in fact, full of carving which has an animal basis; there are panels, for instance, within the archway, each of which is a



Fig. 158. Carving in West Portal,
Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris.

picture in stone. Similar pictures are crowded all over the greater French cathedrals, Amiens, in particular, being notable for them, to such a great extent that when Ruskin wrote of that building he entitled his book "The Bible of Amiens." If this was one of the attributes of the early French Gothic carv-



Fig. 159. Statuary in West Doorway,
Reims Cathedral.

ing, it may be said that another was its statuesque character where the figures are upon a large scale, such as those above the row of small arches shown in Fig. 158. Somewhat similar figures are to be found in the approaches to many of the great French cathedrals; those in the west doorway at Reims Cathedral,



Fig. 161. Foliage Carving on Wood Screen,
Southwell Minster.

which belong to a somewhat later period, that is, the fourteenth century, being illustrated in Fig. 159. Even in the days of the Roman Empire there was no draped sculpture with such a fine flow of line as is possessed by these figures. Instinct with a different spirit, it is quite equal to the best Greek work. The faces have all the appearance of portraits, that is, of having been executed from good

models, but while the attitudes are natural they are also sufficiently restrained and conventionalized to harmonize with the surroundings. In the same illustra-

noticed in the outer arch rings of the arcade in the north porch, Bourges Cathedral, shown in Fig. 160; an example which is somewhat Spanish in type, with



FIG. 160. PART OF NORTH PORTAL, BOURGES CATHEDRAL.

tion the row of small angel figures in the door jamb will be noticed, the heads in all cases having been knocked off, probably during the French Revolution. A similar range of winged angels will be

largely projecting cusps, finishing with human heads. This sort of thing is rare in France, but a few examples are even to be found in England, one of which, from the wood screen of Southwell Min-



Fig. 162. 14th Century Stop of Wood Moulding
Merton Church, Surrey.

ster, is shown in Fig. 161, though without the greatly projecting cusp points of Bourges. As is sufficiently indicated by the foliage carving, the work belongs to the middle of the fourteenth century, and this would also be tolerably evident from the character of the heads themselves, which now almost always represent persons in the prime of middle life, especially where portraiture has been attempted, as seems to have been frequently the case. An example of this is shown in the now much destroyed hood moulding of the west door of Merton Church, illustrated in Fig. 162. The figures and heads of the thirteenth century were generally of a younger, and

those of the fifteenth century of an older type.

The most prominent examples of statuary, as opposed to mere decorative carving, in English work are the recumbent effigies upon altar tombs, of which a large number exist, the great majority being of the type shown in Fig. 163, which shows a Crusader's tomb in St. Saviour's Cathedral, Southwark; that is, representing armored warriors. Figures of this description are found throughout the whole of the Gothic period, their date being indicated by their armor or traced in the architectural environment in which they are found.

One of the most quaint uses of the



Fig. 166. Gable and South Aisle.
Andreas Kerche, Brunswick.

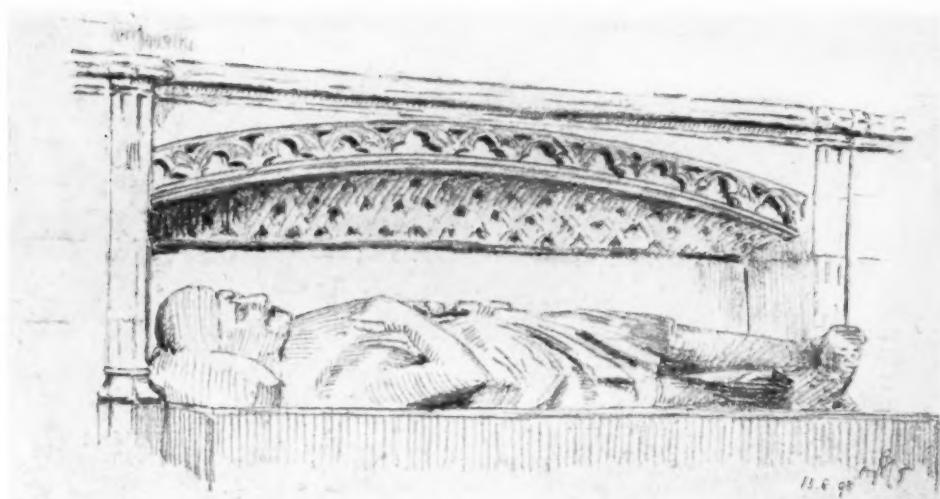


FIG. 163. A CRUSADER'S TOMB, ST. SAVIOUR'S CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK.

human head for ornamental purposes during Gothic times is that illustrated in Fig. 164. It shows a sanctuary knocker, placed on the door of a great cathedral and giving the right of sanctuary to any criminal who might succeed in clutching it. He would not be immediately admitted. It will be seen that the head is in the form of a mask, and that a person inside could see through the eyeholes and converse with anyone demanding entry. The occasional impatience of the pursuers is in the present instance to be readily recognized by the bullet hole in the forehead, showing that it was in use after the introduction of gunpowder.

The type of this face suggests that the work is of a late date, when again the grotesque and ugly were replacing the beautiful. Faces and figures are found very frequently indeed in small work of the fifteenth century, and in many instances the grotesque feeling predominates. Another small example of this is given in Fig. 165, which, as reproduced, is about half full size; it is one of a series of such small enrichments in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster. During all the later Gothic period, subsequent to the Black Death in 1349, the human figure was used greatly in small details, especially in the bosses where vault ribs intersect, and more in Eng-



Fig. 165. Face in Hollow Moulding, Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey.



Fig. 169. Capital Lying on Grass in Front of Cathedral at Dol.



FIG. 167. A CAPITAL IN THE CHAPTER HOUSE, SOUTHWELL MINSTER.



FIG. 168. TERMINAL OF STAIRCASE TURRET, ST. ETIENNE, BEAUV AIS.
(Acting as respond to flying buttress.)

land than on the Continent. It was also employed largely in the form of statuettes in niches, but in no case did the later statuary reach the excellence of the early work. Its employment pictorially was, at this later date, more frequently found in Germany than in either France

or England. A small example of this is given in Fig. 166, showing how the story of the Flight into Egypt was illustrated in stone on one of the aisle gables of a church at Brunswick. In south Germany, particularly at Bavaria, the examples are extremely numerous and the

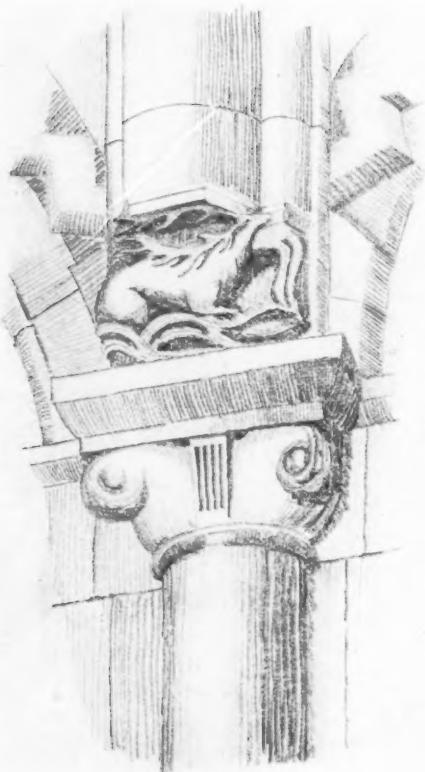


Fig. 170. Corbel for Vaulting Shaft,
Norwich Cathedral.

figures crowded together, the tale being generally much less easy to decipher than in this case.

Turning again to the consideration of carving with an animal basis other than human, one finds that wherever there was Gothic work there also was found an intense appreciation of the ordinary forms of country life; that is, the wild life of the fields. During the whole of the fourteenth century, and even in work which is later in date, the animal forms are generally perfectly true to nature and occur in profusion. An example of about the year 1299—that is, at the very opening of what is known as the "Decorated" period—is shown in Fig. 167. It is one of a series of small capitals in the wall arcade in the Chapter House at Southwell Minster, and upon it wild hogs may be seen feeding upon the acorns which have fallen from amongst the oak leaves, of which the capital is principally composed. Another of these capitals illustrates a hare being caught by two dogs, and variations of this same sort of things are simply innumerable, both in stone and wood carving. It may be seen again in the much later work of the staircase turret of St. Etienne, Beauvais, shown in Fig. 168, where the crockets, instead of being bunches of leaves, are carved as field mice set in various



FIG. 171. CHAINED DOG AND SWAN CORNICE. VESTIBULE TO HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL,
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

natural attitudes. In the same way mice and rabbits are found in work executed nearly two hundred years earlier at Amiens Cathedral, upon buttress terminals which can only be inspected by going up upon the roof. Of course, it would be impossible to recognize the mice from the ground level; the sketch was made from the roof, which very few people would ever visit. A somewhat more grotesque, but still exceedingly realistic example of a late date, is the donkey's head capital now lying on the grass outside the cathedral at Dol, in Brittany, and shown in Fig. 169.

But if the animal carving remained realistic, it began in the fifteenth century to also take on a pictorial character, not always of religious significance, as had been the case invariably in earlier times. It became now quite a common thing, for instance, to indicate the name of the person under whom any particular work was carried out by means of what is called a "rebus," and occasionally such would include an animal form. An example is shown in Fig. 170 from Norwich Cathedral, the figure of a hart or stag lying down forming the rebus for Bishop Lyhart. This work belongs to the fifteenth century, although it was carved upon the stone which must have been inserted at a very much earlier date, for all around is easily recognized as being Norman. This same tendency to illustrate other than religious scenes in religious edifices is shown in a great amount of the carving of the period just previous to the Reformation, particularly in England. The fable of the fox and the goose forms the subject of a well-known cornice in the vestibule leading to Henry VII.'s Chapel. A small portion of this is shown in Fig. 171, the motive being repeated over and over again. It will be noticed that in both these cases, though the carving is of an exceedingly late date, yet the animal figures are still represented in a purely realistic manner. The general naturalistic idea had not materially changed from the earliest to the latest Gothic days.

In France, however, there was a certain reversion to the grotesque and the imaginary. Dragons and fabulous ani-



Fig. 172. Enrichment in Hollow Moulding, Beauvais Cathedral.

mals (such as that shown in Fig. 172, forming a part of the enrichment on the hollow moulding in Beauvais Cathedral)



Fig. 173. Pew in Ufford Church, Suffolk.

are frequently found, while the rebus and the fable occur but seldom. This carving must have been executed at almost the same date as that shown in Fig. 171; and possibly even a little earlier than the strange animals carved in wood which are to be found in England also, as is illustrated in Fig. 173, showing one of the pew ends in Ufford Church. The exact date of this is not known, but it bears indications of Renaissance influence in some of the minor details, and may very well have been carried out subsequently to the Reformation by workmen who still retained some of the traditional Gothic feeling, when dealing with animals at least.

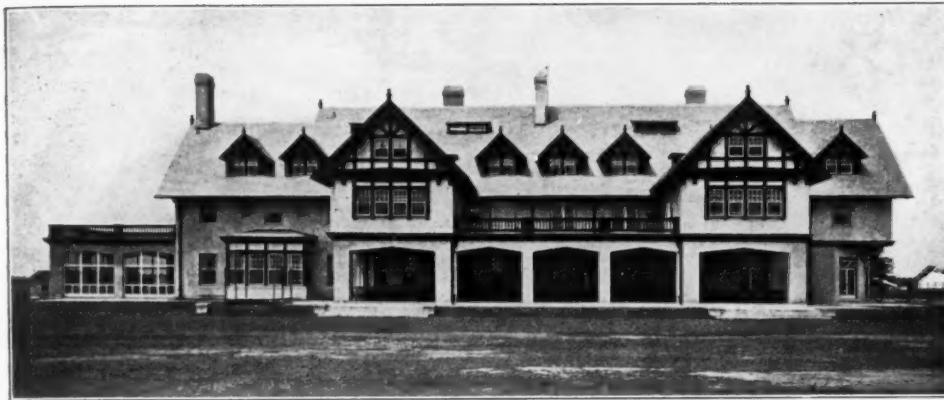
If the Gothic spirit thus lingered in England, so also was it retained in the animal carving of France. It will be noticed in the vampire of François I., already illustrated in Fig. 140, and it is

to be found in combination with purely Renaissance carving in a good deal of the château building carried on during the reign of that monarch. The best known and most prominent example is to be found in the row of gargoyle at the Château de Blois (Fig. 174). They are waterspouts from the eaves of the building, and are not led to, as in Gothic buildings by a pipe passing through a parapet, but they are true gargoyle all the same, or, at any rate, they acted as such originally, varying from one another, grotesque and ugly, yet full of vigor and almost suggesting living animals.

Another late gargoyle, but this time worked in beaten lead and not carved in stone, is shown in Fig. 175. It occurs upon the flèche of Amiens Cathedral; but although attached to an early Gothic building, there is ample evidence in the acanthus outline of the wing of this curious bird to indicate that the gargoyle was the work of one who had been trained in a Renaissance school.



Fig. 174. The Gargoyles, Château de Blois.



RIVER ELEVATION—THE RUMSON COUNTRY CLUB.

Seabright, N. J.

Freeman & Hasselman, Architects.

THE RUMSON COUNTRY CLUB

By the consolidation of the Rumson Polo Club, the Seabright Golf Club, the Meadow Yacht Club and the Seabright Tennis Club, the new Rumson Country Club has been established with a membership of over five hundred persons.

The clubhouse has been erected near the famous Rumson Road, between Seabright and Red Bank, N. J. It has a frontage of two hundred feet, facing the Shrewsbury River, and is seventy-five feet deep. The entire first floor is constructed of fireproof material. The upper part of the building is of frame construction with fireproof outer walls. The exterior walls have been stuccoed, slightly colored, giving a very rich and warm effect. The exterior wood trim is stained a pleasing color, blending well with the stucco. The roof is slate.

The porte cochere entrance is at the rear of the building and opens into the main hall, with the large lounging room to the left.

The requirements of a country club combining, as this does, four branches of outdoor life, demand careful thought. Messrs. Freeman & Hasselman, the architects of the building have worked out a very economical plan, utilizing all the available space to the best of advantage. There is an extra large main dining room with an outside dining room leading from this. For the entertainment of small parties several private dining rooms have been provided. The grille room, billiard room and cafe are

at the west end of the building, and on the east end is the ladies' reception room and dressing room. There are special entrances for both the men and women on each side of the building, which lead to their respective dressing rooms on the second floor.

A well lighted and comfortable card room, a directors' room, together with fifteen bed rooms and eight baths are also on the second floor.

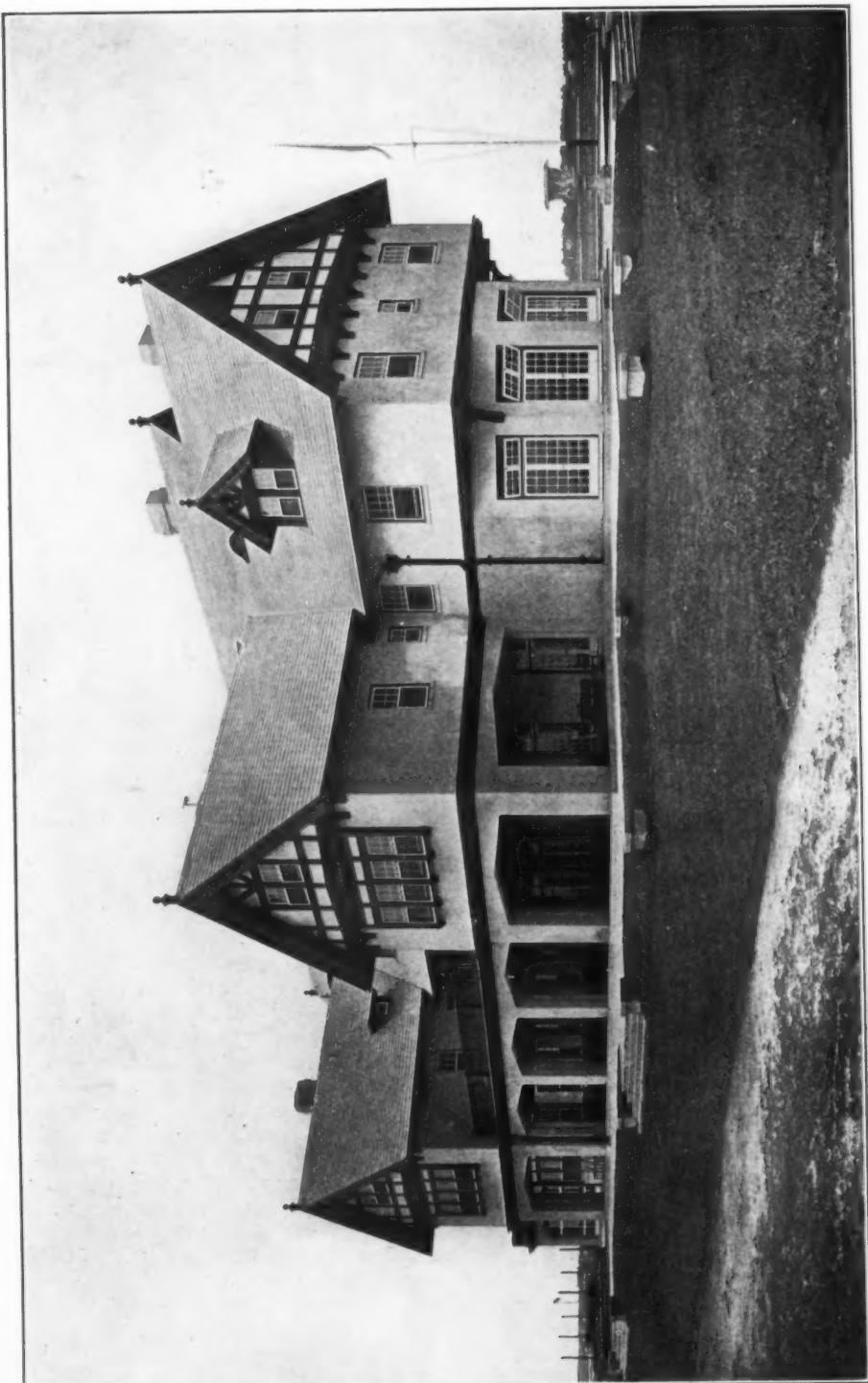
The third floor is devoted to fourteen bed rooms and seven baths, where members may put up for the night.

The service end of the building is about twenty-five by seventy-five feet and contains kitchen, pantry, storeroom, etc., with servants' bed rooms.

The spacious piazza to the east, which commands a beautiful view of the Shrewsbury River, and the terrace with wide walks on three sides of the building are very interesting features.

The building is fully equipped with all the latest devices for the comfort of members and their guests, the convenience of long distance telephones in all bed rooms, a refrigerating plant, etc., included. A garage, stable, laundry building, juvenile club building and helpers' quarters are located upon different parts of the property.

Directly in front of the clubhouse is the Herbert polo field. To the west is the golf course and bowling green. There are tennis courts, a practice polo field and an aviation field near by.



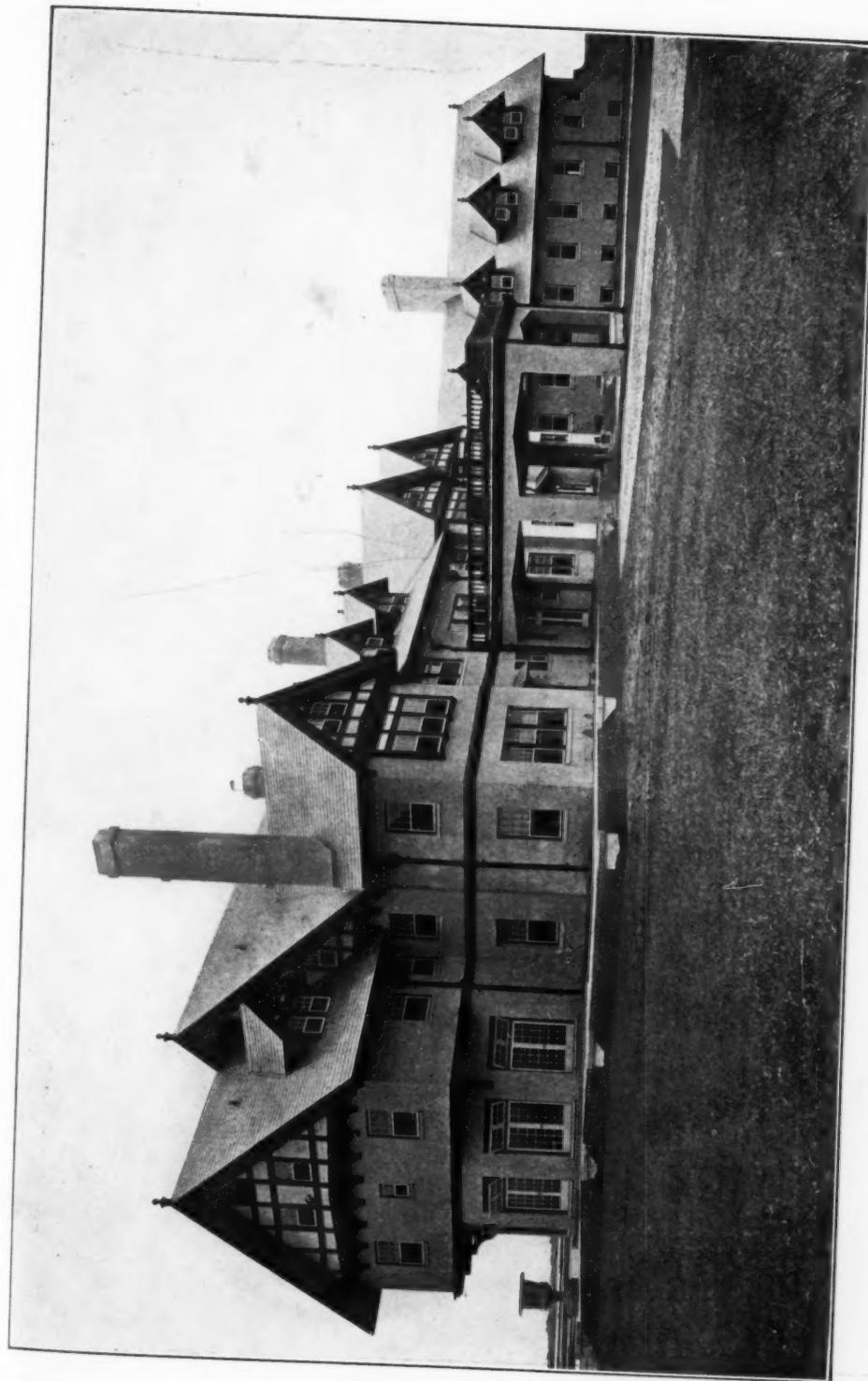
FRONT ELEVATION—THE RUMSON COUNTRY CLUB.

Seabright, N. J.

Freeman & Hasselman, Architects.

THE RUMSON COUNTRY CLUB.

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REAR ELEVATION—THE RUMSON COUNTRY CLUB.

Seabright, N. J.

Freeman & Hasselman, Architects.



Living Hall.



Dining Room.
THE RUMSON COUNTRY CLUB.

Seabright, N. J.

Freeman & Hasselman, Architects.



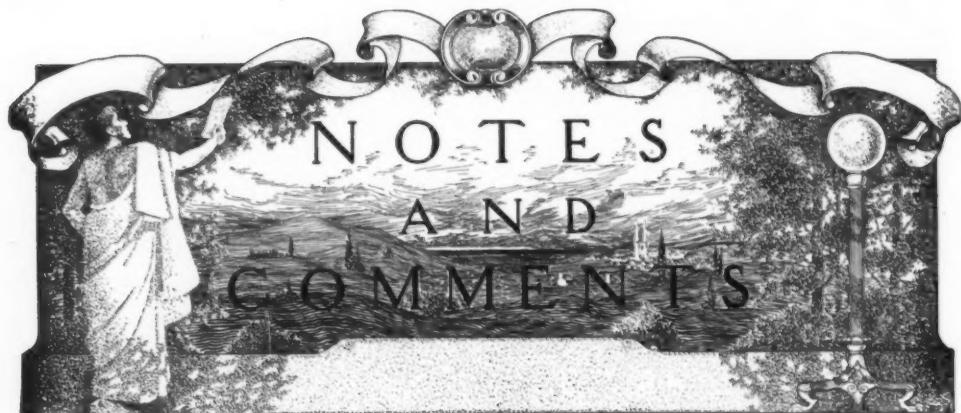
Ladies' Room.



Grille Room.
THE RUMSON COUNTRY CLUB.

Seabright, N. J.

Freeman & Hasselman, Architects.



Recent editorials in architectural journals strongly support the present effort of the American Institute of Architects to improve competitions, yet communications and minor notes show, in some cases, such a lack of information that it seems well that some statements on the subject should be made.

It is obvious that any improvement in the conduct of competitions can take place only as a result of the general enlightenment of the profession and through it of the public. After many years of discussion, the profession appears to have reached substantial agreement, as to what are the essentials of a well conducted competition. Without such agreement, the present advanced position of the Institute would be out of the question.

The Institute has made many attempts to inform the public as to the proper conduct of competitions and to dissuade architects from taking part in them except under proper conditions. Its carefully prepared statements, though they had an excellent educational effect, were without other result since they were merely advisory.

The Institute never has presumed, nor does it now presume, to dictate the owner's course in conducting a competition, but it aims to assist him by advising the adoption of such methods as experience has proved just and wise. But the Institute has at last reached the conclusion that the most effective means within its command for the improvement of competition practice lies in seeing to it that its own members do not take part in ill-regulated competitions.

Architects generally have for many years regarded the Institute as the highest authority on the ethics of the profession, and the Institute is certainly within its province when it instructs its members as to what is good competition practice and requires them to conform to it, just as when it instructs

them on other questions of professional ethics and requires them to conform to these instructions.

In consonance with these thoughts, the convention of 1907 adopted certain principles as in its opinion fundamental to the proper conduct of competitions, while that of 1908 decided that any competition not conducted in accordance with them should be formally disapproved by the Institute.

In practice it was found that it was impossible to gain a knowledge of all or even of any large proportion of the competitions throughout the country so as to disapprove those not in harmony with the Institute's principles. It was also difficult and expensive to notify all members each time that a competition was disapproved. Thus many badly conducted competitions escaped attention and were open to the participation of members.

It became obvious that the converse of this scheme provided a more practicable course. The convention of 1909, therefore, adopted the principle that participation in any competition the program of which has not been approved by the Institute is unprofessional conduct.

The convention gave the board authority to approve acceptable programs and power to delegate that authority. Thus it became necessary for the board to establish a standard by which to test programs submitted for approval. Fortunately, the opinion of the profession as to the essentials of a good program being well crystallized, the board found its task easier than it had anticipated.

The formulation of these essentials resulted in a "Circular of Advice Relative to the Conduct of Architectural Competitions" which serves the purpose of informing the public on the whole subject; of instructing architects as to what the Institute regards

as good practice; of strengthening the position of advisers chosen to conduct competitions as well as of setting up a standard to which programs must conform if they are to receive the approval of the Institute.

The board delegated its power of approval to the Standing Committee on Competitions and to a sub-committee for the territory of each Chapter. Each of these sub-committees deals only with competitions for work to be executed within its own territory. Programs for work not within the territory of any Chapter are passed upon by the Standing Committee.

The Circular of Advice, is, in general, an essay on competitions and it is in the main—as its name indicates—merely an advisory document. The board found comparatively few things so essential to the proper conduct of a competition as to be made mandatory. Its instructions to the committees charged with giving the Institute's approval are that the program should conform to the spirit of the Circular of Advice, but as this statement might be interpreted in various ways, more specific directions are given:

1. Approval must be withheld if a program appear not to be in consonance with law.

2. Except the law require an open competition, approval may not be given to one in which no precautions are taken that the competitors are competent to design and execute the work.

3. As experience shows that unless a professional adviser be in charge of them, competitions are almost always hopelessly bad, the Institute will give its approval to no competition that is not in charge of such an adviser.

4. The Institute will approve no program that does not constitute a contract between the owner and competitors guaranteeing that an award of the commission to design and supervise the work will be made to one of the competitors, nor will it sanction a program which fails to establish the terms of the winner's employment as those of the Institutes' schedule. There must also be provision for adequate compensation in case of the architect's dismissal or of the abandonment of the work.

It would seem that no argument is necessary to show that, lacking any of the above requirements, the program fails to reach such a standard as the Institute should set for its members.

A brief summary of the advisory portions of the circular would show that they treat the subject as follows:

1. It is pointed out that competitions are not generally to the advantage of the owner,

that it is better to employ an architect on the basis of his fitness for the work and that if a competition must be held, the interests of the owner will be best served by equitable and definite agreements between himself and the competitors.

2. The role of Professional Adviser is defined and his employment urged.

3. The owner is advised not to hold a competition open to all comers, but to carefully select his competitors.

4. The kinds of competition recognized by the Institute are defined.

5. Strict anonymity of competitors is urged.

6. The owner is advised to avoid various pitfalls in respect to the cost of the proposed work, competitors' and builders' estimates, etc.

7. The owner is urged to receive the advice of a competent jury before making the award.

8. Reasons are given why drawings should be as few in number and simple in character as will express the general design of the building.

9. A program is outlined in detail, some twenty statements being made as to its essential contents.

10. The question of what constitute proper agreements between owner and competitors and between owner and winner is treated at length.

11. The proper conduct of architects and of the owner is considered.

The circular was issued upon the 30th of March, 1910, and was widely circulated among members of the profession and the public generally through owners, editors, educators, etc. Copies of it may be obtained from Mr. Glenn Brown, Secretary of the American Institute of Architects, the Octagon, Washington, D. C. Its reception was marked by general approval and it has since then been in successful operation. Many programs have been brought into harmony with its requirements and have received the approval of the Institute. In some instances, the owner on receiving the circular has decided to abandon the idea of a competition, and has chosen his architect directly, a much to be desired result. In the instances in which the program was not brought into harmony with the principles approved by the Institute, the results have justified members in not taking part in the competition, since the outcome in most cases shows either failure to appoint any competitor as architect or failure to proceed with the work for which the competition was held.

Very truly yours,

Frank Miles Day,
Chairman.

**AN
INTERESTING
STUDY**

addresses it. In some respects this is one of the most interesting reports of the kind that has been issued. It would be interesting in any case to learn what Mr. Olmsted would propose to do with a small Colorado town, where irrigation is everywhere necessary. But the report, which is very long, is quite different from any other—is *sui generis*. Even as a literary study, it has much to interest. And strangely enough, one has to consider its literary aspect. In more than one hundred finely printed pages—as large as this magazine—there is not a single photograph or diagram. A reference in the text to one drawing suggests that illustrations may have accompanied the original manuscript, but in the printing they have been left out, and we have only a book of solid text on the improvement of Boulder.

Curiously enough, as one reads the report, he finds it dividing itself into two parts. One of them has to do with city planning, as this is concerned principally with streets. The other had to do with landscape development;—with the parks, pleasure grounds and viewpoints which are possible in and about Boulder. The difference of style into which the writer seems unconsciously to have slipped as he discussed one or other of these subjects, is most marked. Perhaps, too, it is significant. Let us take two extracts, almost at random. Mr. Olmsted, writing of the City Plan, says: "If city officials had the back-bone to enforce such harsh and impersonal justice, and stick to their announced plan in spite of baby-talk, a few such unpleasant episodes would soon establish respect for the adopted plan. . . . But . . . any general rule of policy and almost any ordinance or statute law is more or less of a bluff. If anybody of good standing in the community calls the bluff the average American official is apt to think more of keeping peace in the family and avoiding harsh feelings than of hewing to the line in the execution of his presumptive duty." Again, in discussing the monotony of a repetition of the same type of street, he says: "It is conceivable that a committee of ladies might come to a consensus of opinion as to which was the best-looking dress in town, but what a depressing thing it would be if they all took to wearing it." As against

The report of Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., on "The Improvement of Boulder, Colorado," has been issued in printed form by the City Improvement Association, to whom Mr. Olmsted

this sort of writing, one might quote from the discussions of landscape many passages that are full of feeling and poetry. He speaks of sitting "beneath clean-stemmed trees through which the breeze may freely draw, to feel their canopy overhead protecting the eye from the glare of sky and sun, and to look out upon an open space bathed in brilliant sunshine." He speaks of gardens "all aglow with bloom"; of "a wonderful plunging view across the valley to rugged mountains bathed in sunlight," and you feel that here the real man is speaking from his heart. It is not a contrast that should be passed lightly over, least of all by Mr. Olmsted himself. In the very long report there is a great deal which is of purely general suggestion, applying as well in one town as another. If that weakens the value of the report for Boulder, it adds correspondingly to such value as it may have for other communities, and of course there is a great deal of definite suggestion for Boulder. This, however, as we have indicated, has to do almost wholly with the topographical features of the place and its immediate surroundings. Architecture is hardly mentioned. The grouping of public buildings is advocated on general principles, but dismissed with a page. The closing chapter, two pages long, on "Control for Private Property," discusses only billboards. One closes the book with the feeling that it makes a distinct and valuable contribution to City Improvement literature in what it says of the landscape treatment of the streams and irrigation ditches, while the very many pages of the rest of the book are quite common-place. Yet so valuable are the distinctly landscape suggestions that they give a value to the volume which must give it a relatively high place among city planning reports.

**CHICAGO
SETTING AN
EXAMPLE**

Though the plans which Mr. Burnham has made for Chicago are of an elaborateness and magnificence that are beyond the grasp, or even the reach—to use the familiar Browning figure—of most other municipalities, yet the very splendor of them cannot fail to have an effect which is widely inspiring, encouraging other cities also to dream of great things. And now the campaign in behalf of the Chicago plans promises likewise to set a standard in enthusiasm, courage and enterprise. Not only has the Report been most elaborately and beautifully published, at a

cost reported as anywhere between \$20 and \$40 a volume, but the Commercial Club has arranged an amazing publicity campaign. At a dinner of the Club in April there was made a call for subscriptions for the campaign, and it was stated, in true Chicago style, that \$15,000 would start the work. At the end of four days the subscriptions—again in the Chicago way—totaled nearly \$30,000. It is proposed that \$10,000 be set aside for maintaining the offices, that arrangements be made for presenting stereopticon lectures before clubs and civic organizations, and that a less expensive edition of the book—a "cheap" edition, that will cost only \$3 or \$4 a volume—be brought out, and a copy placed in every public school of the city. The trouble with most cities which get city-plan Reports is that they expend about all their energy and most of their money on getting the mere Report; then they publish it in more or less conventional fashion, and sit back and wait for something to happen. To be sure, a good deal usually does happen; but the value of the Chicago example is in showing that after the Report has been secured and adequately printed, the real work is just ready to commence.

**MORE
COLONIAL
HOUSES
SAVED**

A reader of a note which was published in this department in August, in which was commended the action of the Marblehead (Mass.) Historical Society, in securing the

fine old Colonial Lee mansion for the appropriate housing of its collections, sends a long article which F. W. Coburn contributes to the Boston "Transcript," about two other ancient houses in Massachusetts that were last summer somewhat similarly saved. Both of these are in Essex County and date back to the latter part of the seventeenth century, and both are to be repositories of Colonial handicraft. They are the Ward house in Salem, which the Essex Institute has secured and moved to its own grounds; and the Pastor Capen house at Topsfield, which the Topsfield Historical Society has acquired. Built only three years apart—1684 and 1687, respectively—the houses are described as "nearly identical in style and constructional features. Both are invaluable survivals from an era in which wood as a building material was used with almost invariable good taste and intelligence." "It would be interesting" exclaims Mr. Coburn, "to conjecture how many centuries hence these houses may still be seen and studied, perhaps by people to whom the use of wood

in building has become a mere historical memory." It is true that in Japan wooden temples a thousand years old still stand, to be studied and admired. The Salem house, now put on to very large grounds, is to have an appropriate old-fashioned garden, with box bordered paths, around it, so giving to it the setting it ought to have. And this, like the antique furnishings that are to be placed in the structure, is to supplement the interesting exhibit of the structure itself.

**RESTRICTION
OF
BUILDING
HEIGHT**

The restriction of building height, long accepted in Europe, has now ceased to be a novelty in the United States; but two movements in favor of it, that have recently developed, are interesting not alone for their wide geographical and social separation but also for the point of view. One is in Denver, where a movement, backed by the Art Commission, the Colorado Chapter of the A. I. A., and kindred bodies, seeks to secure restrictions for the construction that will abut on the costly Civic Center which Denver has set herself to build; the other is in New York, where the Committee on Congestion has taken up the matter with reference to tenement house construction. The purpose of the first named movement is sufficiently obvious and happily it has the cordial backing of the official building inspector. The arguments brought forward by the New York committee are ten in number, of which the following are of the greater professional interest for the architects: In a six-story tenement, only one-fourth of the rooms secure an adequate supply of sunshine; in most parts of all the boroughs except Manhattan healthy tenements can be constructed that will afford sunshine in practically every room and yet give a good return upon the present value of land; restrictions, which may be provided by a "districting" of the city, are essential to prevent the erection of high buildings that will be used for apartments, and that will so increase the value of land as to drive the small owner out of the district. They are therefore "necessary to protect the laborer who wants to own his home." These restrictions will, it is held, enable the educational authorities to estimate with much accuracy the future population and determine the maximum area needed for school sites throughout all the boroughs, so enabling them to secure the sites with the smallest chance of wasting money. Similarly other city departments will be assisted.

**A
CURIOS
EXPERIMENT**

An advertisement announces, not far from Boston, of a village colony especially designed to attract those Hebrews of Southeastern Europe who have lately gathered in such great numbers in the city's North End and northern suburbs. It does not appear that the movement is philanthropic in any way, and that fact adds rather than detracts from its interest. For at the very moment that it seems, through the fact of its existence, to give commercial endorsement to the sanity of the Garden City movement, it deals it a stinging blow by subordinating as a feature the back-to-the-soil wholesomeness which is always put forward as the Garden City's main claim to favor. The prospectus announces, indeed, as its purpose a colony of humble dwellings, each in its own plot of ground; but it proposes to place these around a grand central pleasure-spot, in which will be a hotel, restaurant, picnic grove, boating, moving pictures, and all sorts of entertainments. The idea of the colony seems not to be the provision of the charms of *rus in urbe*, but of *urbs in rure*—and there is something to be said for that. In fact, the recommendations of the Country Life Commission cannot be described as unsympathetic to the general principle of such a move. The experiment is certainly worth watching. In recognizing human frailty—if frailty it be to crave opportunities for relaxing gaiety and for entertainment that is not impressively "improving"—it gains an element of strength, or at least of popularity, which has been lacking in most of the movements designed to draw humble workers from the city. But to a layman it seems curious that the Chosen People should be those chosen for this experiment. Germans, French, the playful folk of Southern Italy and Sicily, or even plain Americans, would have seemed a more promising constituency. And what a rare architectural opportunity such an experiment would offer for appropriately re-creating, with slight American changes, a "Little Italy," or any old-world town!

**ART
COMMISSIONS
FOR
TOWNS**

No doubt that person would be very brave who would accept a position as a member of the Art Commission of a small town; but heroes are seldom wanting when the occasion demands, and we may be sure that if towns wanted Art Commissions, there would be commissioners. In fact, the chairman of the Art Committee of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs has been deliberately advocating Art Commissions for small towns; and lately in the Massachusetts town of Milton, there has been serious consideration, by a formally appointed committee, of the desirability of having an Art Commission for that town. The idea was, that if Milton had an Art Commission, there should be submitted to it the plans of all municipal structures to be erected on town land, and the designs for all works of art and objects of utility that might be thereafter erected on public property. The cemeteries alone were exempted. The report of the committee is most interesting. It was able to discover no art commission having official existence outside of the large cities. Nevertheless, the committee declared its opinion to be that an art commission, properly appointed, would be desirable for Milton, and it pointed to the success of the commission in New York to prove its case. It appears that an act of the legislature is necessary in Massachusetts to enable a town to appoint such a commission with authority, and a general act has been drafted for presentation next winter. The experiment, should the commission be authorized, will be watched with interest.

In the October issue the house of Mr. A. Grinager on page 292 and the Frank Garmacy Residence on page 294 were credited to Mr. W. A. Phillips, as architect. We wish to correct this, making the proper credit read Mr. J. H. Phillips, Architect.

Credit should be given to Mr. Floyd Baker for the photographs of the New York Public Library published in the September issue of the Architectural Record.